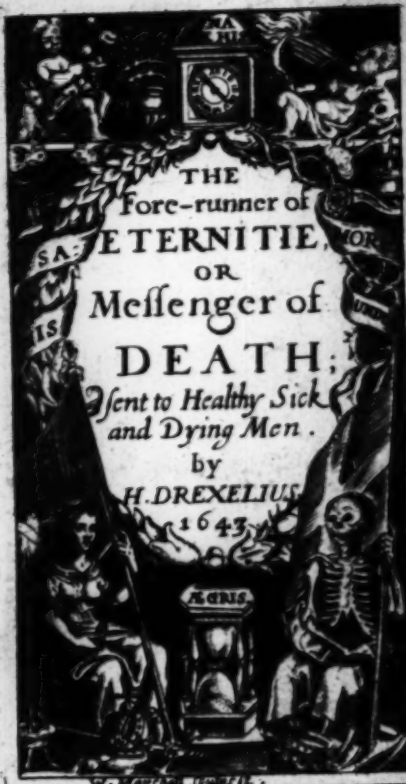
THE
Fore-runner of
ETERNITIE,
OR
Messenger of
DEATH;
Sent to Healthy Sick
and Dying Men.
by
H. DREXELIUS.
1643.

Th.
8° D. 64.

THE FORERUNNER OF ETERNITY, OR MESSENGER OF DEATH:

Sent to Healthy, Sick, and Dying Men,

By

H. DREXELIUS.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. N.* and are to be sold by *John Sweeting* at the Angel in *Popes-Head*-alley.

Ann. Dom. 1642.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

¶ To the worthy and most virtuous Gentlewoman, *Mistresse* MARGARET DRAPER, Widow of *M^r.* ROBERT DRAPER *Esquire.*

MADAME,

WOnder not that I presume to thrust this Tractate into your hands; as not having that Relation to your self, usuall in all such Dedications; yet finding so great an affinity betwixt your Goodnesse and the Tractate it self, so great unitie betwixt your Meditations daily expres'd in your Practice, and these here im-

printed; I thought it not onely fit, but necessary to prefix your name unto it: For it is most just, That in whom these Meditations have been continually imprinted, she at last should be imprinted in these Meditations. Take therefore this Book, reade it your self, and explain it to others, least that Gulf in the Title, ETERNITY, catch and involve those at unawares that might fore-run it. Let the Reader know that it is alwayes to be thought on, though never to be understood. Let him believe that every moment we travell unto it, and shall quickly come to our journeys end, that vast place of entertainment, the Inne of Eternitie: Let him look he bespeaks good Lodging, and good Company; for the next morning, as soon as the Sunne of Righteousnesse appears, he shall begin a journey that shall never have end; in which he shall still move on, yet never proceed; for going forward is but as standing still, in that motion to which no period is allotted. But this you know: in a word therefore; Take this book, now your owne: for though your lesse skill in the Latine tongue may deny you to have made the Originall, yet the zeal and piety of your Life is the best Translation. Shew it there-

therefore to the world, that its Meditations whileſt you live may be a Pattern for others, and when you are dead the Hiſtorie of yours.

So I have brought this Book and you together, I know you will quickly be acquainted, and talk out the reſt; therefore now ceaſing to trouble you, I ſteal away in ſilence, remaining,

Yours

in all humble

ſervice,

W. CROYDEN.

¶ The severall Sections of the three ensuing Books.

The first Book.

1 AN Introduction to the work pag. 1
2 That the remembrance of Death should be daily 3
3 The remembrance of death, a medicine against all sinnes 5
4 Of the conclusion of a good life 8
5 That every man is nothing 9
6 Of the short continuance of men 11
7 The same farther insisted on 13
8 The vanity of the desire of long life 15
9 That man is dust 18
10 That every man is truly miserable 22
11 What man is 24
12 Instruction to the haters of sinne 27
13 That our life is nothing but weeping 29
14 That God comforteth those that weep 30
15 That our death may be as advantagious as our birth 33
16 That death is every where 36
17 Every mans house is deaths home 38
18 The inexorablenesse of death 40
19 The certainty & uncertainty of death 42
20 The suddennesse of death 44
21 An antidote against sudden death 54

22 Our dayes are few and evill 57
23 How dying young we may be said to be old 59
24 That any one that will may live long 62
25 That we must all die 63
26 The remembrance of death ought to be renewed 66
27 A discourse of Assan Bashaw 73
28 That each day is to be regarded 78
29 The throne of all our pride is our bier 80
30 What our life is 86
31 Our life is a Play 89
32 A type of mans life 91
33 The Prologue, Narration, & Epilogue of mans life 93
34 That the longest life is but short 96
35 Of procrastination 98
36 Deaths haunt 103
37 Of our negligence in meditating of death 105
38 That the present is onely ours 108
39 That we should not rely on to morrow 110
40 The suddennesse & comelinesse of death 113
41 That we must watch and pray 116
42 Eight verses out of the Psalms, used by S. Bernard for the time of death 119.

The

1 *The remembrance of Death recommended to the sick* 127

2 *The sick mans discourse with his friends* 131

3 *Pleasant things not alwayes best* 138

4 *Christian valour seen in the contempt of death* 139

5 *Examples of death contemned* 141

6 *Of a mind ready for death* 144

8 *Three things grievous in sickneſſe* 147

9 *Sickneſſe is the ſchool of vertue* 150

10 *Sickneſſe the monitor to eternity* 151

11 *Of prayer in ſickneſſe* 152

12 *What ought to be our thoughts and affections in ſickneſſe* 155

13 *The difference of our thoughts in ſickneſſe and health* 158

14 *In all our ſickneſſe we muſt ſend holy ſighs to God* 160

15 *Faults of ſick men* 161

16 *Rules to be obſerved by the ſick* 166

17 *How the ſick man ſhould quench his thirſt* 168

18 *The ſick mans napkin* 170

19 *The ſick mans bed* 172

20 *The hope of a better life aſſwageth our miſery* 175

21 *True hope of a moſt bleſſed life* 176

22 Tranquillity flows from true hope 180
23 Patience the whole armour of a Christian 182
24 That we are but guests on earth 186
25 The term of our life is uncertain 187
26 A first objection of the sick man 191
27 A second objection 193
28 The sick mans complaints 195
29 The sick mans discourse with himself 199
30 His discourse with God 201
31 His sure confidence in God 207
32 Of constancy in sickneße 211
33 Severall prayers to be used by the sick 215

The third Book.

1 THe Art of dying 233
2 How to redeem the time 237
3 How to make a short life long 238
4 An end of all things but eternity 239
5 Considerations of a dying man 245
6 We ought to prepare for death 246
7 Examples of such as buried themselves 248
8 A consideration of our grave 251
9 Nine forms of wills 255
10 Nine Epitaphs 261
11 Nine reasons to perswade us to die with a

a resolved mind 273
12 Death not to be feared 282
13 How the Saints of God may desire, yet fear death 285
14 An ill death follows an ill life 289
15 A good death follows a good life 291
16 Like life, like death 296
17 The desire of a good death 298
18 Sleep the brother of death 300
19 The forerunners of death 302
20 How we must answer the messenger of death 305
21 A sweet death the worst death 307
22 Deaths blessednesse 312
23 A dying mans farwell to the living 315
24 What should be the words and meditations of a dying man 319
25 Things specially to be observed by a dying man 321
26 What a dying man should do 323
27 Consolation for a sick man 325
28 Holy ejaculations for a dying man 329
29 The dying mans confidence in God 333
30 The last words of a dying man 336
31 Of the conforming our will to Gods will 338
32 The dying mans emulation of the good thief 339
33 Of the Heliotropium 342
34 Prayers for a dying man 345

A YE *think* DEATH *sleeps. Take heed, he'll wake; ye'll mone.*

B *Health makes you* skip *and* dance, *while sick men* grone,

C Quails *shower down to please the glutton's tongue.*

D *Sweet* Zephyr *strows his* Flowres. *Alas! how long?*

E *Yet* Phœbus *smiles, and walks with goodly grace:*
But clouds *ere long will mask his radiant face.*

F *When Virtue moves, Health gives you stubborn backs*
Like Rammes; *when Vice, pliant as* Virgin-*wax.*

G *Feast, frolick gallants, feast, drink, swagger, rore and kisse:*
But think how on this Point hangs endlesse woe or blisse.

THE FORE-RUNNER of Eternitie:

Or Messenger of DEATH, sent to healthy, sick, and toying men.

The Remembrance of Death propounded to the Healthy.

§. 1.

Instructions to the Reader, and an Introduction to the work.

MAny have written comfortable Antidotes against Diseases, and Death; I determine the same: and they are so far from discouraging me, that they rather incite my Penne. Some of them (with leave be it spoken) are too long

long, so that they burthen a sick man with their too too many precepts. Others not so much forgetting brevity, as a Methodicall Order, doe make it too accurate. They had not so much offended, had they kept their Pens from paper; (as *Apelles* desired in *Protogenes*.) Many have discours'd excellently, but (as I may say) not satisfactory for Practise. *Theorie* is to be commended; but here wee must doe, and in stead of words, set forth action. There are others that propose nothing to sick, and dying parties; but meere terrors and feares; and so astonish them yet living. I know (my Reader) that thy desire is to be prepared for Death with small expences: I will endeavour to answer thy expectation: and Briefly, Orderly, and Cheerefully I will lead thee to Deaths dore, so as thou shalt scarce perceive it: *Briefly*, for I write not a volume, but a short Treatise, which may be thy dayly companion. I will not observe a strict *Order*, but rather a mixt; the way

Plin. l. 35 c. 10. post initium.

1. Briefly

2. Orderly.

way that is pleſant ſeems ſtreight, though there be many windings. Cheerefully, for I will not only treat of Religion, but will mix with it verſes, and fit old Epigrams; ſo that my ſtyle ſhall not only be plaine, but reliſhing of ſanctified mirth. Thus I thought fitting to admoniſh thee, at the entrance into this ſubject. 3. Cheerefully.

§. 2.

That the Remembrance of Death ſhould be dayly.

HAppy is that man that ſpends every day as if it were his laſt. *Epictetus* doth wiſely teach, *Death* (ſaith hee) *and Baniſhment, and all other evills ſhould be daily before our eyes, eſpecially Death. So ſhall our thoughts never be too baſe, nor too ambitious.* *Epictet. Enchir. cap. 28.*

Wretched men, why poſſeſſe you ſuch large hopes? why undergoe you ſuch a great weight of diſturbances, who to morrow perchance may be duſt and aſhes?

Stand sure O man, for the sable Goddesse Death daily stands over thy head; and when the little remnant of sand in thy houre-glasse shall be runn'd out with a vigilant and undrousie eye, expects thy arrivall, and canst thou but expect Her? as he sung,

Ortum quicquid habet, finem timet. (i.e.)
All that a beginning have,
Doe expect and feare a grave.

——— *Ibimus omnes.* (i.e.)
We all must goe,
To the earth below.

Nor can any age bribe Death. As soone as we are borne, we pay tribute, and are Deaths hirelings. Nay, as soone as greedy eyes the first light see, Then doe wee even begin to die. Death kills the Empresse as well as the Handmaid. As the Poet well.

Horat. lib. 2. ep. 4. ——— *Because wee dye so fast,*
Think every day thy last.

Say every Evening, This day I stand at the dore of Eternity.

The

§. 3.

The remembrance of Death is a Medicine against all sinnes.

THE serious remembrance of Death shakes off all sense of Pleasure, and turnes the sweetest honey to Wormwood. S. *Chrysostome* saith, *The expectation of Death to come, will scarcely suffer or give admittance to any carnall delights.* And truly what doth not the sense of Death work, if but entred into the fingers or the pores of the Head, much more when it seises upon the whole body? it sparech no age, no dignity; one young man dies, another Infant, another old man. One dies by the sword, another by poyson, a third by a fall; one departs lingringly, another suddenly, as overtaken with some violent storme; or thunderclap. Now amongst so many doubtfull, changeable, and suddain events, what security can be expected? What courage can there be to sinne amongst

Chrysost. in his 5. Sermon of wickednesse repulsed. *pag.* 678.

such uncertainties? And why? because we die daily. Think of thy houre-glasse: though slowly to sense, yet certainly by degrees, the sands doe runne from the uppermost to the nethermost Cell. Apply this to thy fleeting life. Every moment some parcell of our life slides away. Here's nothing safe, one houre deceives another, one moment steales somewhat from another. Happy is hee which makes every day his last; more happy hee which reckons every houre; but most happy that man who accounts every moment. He will abstaine from sinne that counts this present moment to be his determined time. Oh deceitfull Hopes! how many have you deluded? While you promise to many the end of their journey, old age; and yet cut them off in the middest of it in their youth. You make men beleeve that may happen to them which many have enjoyed, the flourishing of the Almond tree; what a number have fallen with innocent hands, yet

peccant

pecant hearts? How many have been overtaken by Death whilest they have beene in meditating of wickednesse? How many sinners and sinnes hath Death cut off in the middest of their acts? How many have smarted for their endeavours to sinne, being examples of rashnesse & presumption? Have not many put a period to their lives and sinnes together? What if thou shouldst be one of this number? Or why shouldst thou be priviledged beyond others? Oh! who would think to find sin in that minde, which expects Death with the sinne, and punishment by that Death? No wise man will play in a storme at sea; who in such dangerous precipices will or dare meditate transgressions? No man unarm'd can be merry in the middest of an Enemies Armie. But much more foolish is hee, who knowing every houre, every moment to be uncertaine, and living in a perpetuated feare of Death, yet dares doe those things, which for ever will make Death to be

Scrib. in Polit. Christ. lib. 1. c. 27.

most miserable. Oh unwise men that we are! why doe wee plunge our selves into everlasting punishment? and why obey we not good counsels? *In all thy works* (saith Ecclef. 7. 40. *Solomon*) *remember thy end, and so thou shalt not sinne.*

§. 4.

The conclusion of a good life is of great esteeme.

TEll me (O Seneca) whom doth not that great *Pliny* in his Testimonialls worthy to be envied, call a Prince? Say, what thinkest thou of Death, especially of untimely Death? Heare O young men, give eare O old men so full of complaints! our life is as a take that is sold; it matters not how long it is, but how well it is performed. It is not of any consequence in what place thou doest end, and where thou wilt, only let thy conclusion be well. *Epictetus* in the same manner saith; Remember that thou art but an Actor of a play

from

as thy Master appointeth thee; if he sets thee a long part, thou must performe it, if a short one, thy dutie is the same to doe it well. Paule speakes not in dissonant termes from these two. They live not best who live longest, but they who doe live the uprightest. Our lives are not valued by the duration of time, but by the qualification of our actions. Goodnesse in mans life is a quality, not a quantity. It matters not therefore either where, or when, or by what meanes wee die, for as God our Master pleaseth, so wee must depart: Only let us pray that wee die well.

§ 5.

That every man is nothing.

Heu, heu! nos miseros, quam totus
Homuncio nil est! (i. e.)
What wretches, ah! alas! are we!
All men are nothing verily.

IN truth it is so. But much more wretched are wee in that wee

know it not. Man is nothing ſaid an ancient Satyriſt, but I dare ſay, wee begin then to be ſomething, when wee acknowledge our ſelves to be nothing. O man know thy ſelfe, know and be wiſe: for Death crops off Lilies as ſoon as thornes or thiſtles.

Oh how vaine and wretched are vve! what are vve? our learning, and Honour is but ſmoake; our ſelves but duſt: the one is but a fancie, the other but a blaſt. And wee which now ſpeake in the preſent tenſe, we doe live, we are ſtrong, and doe flouriſh, in a trice all will be chang'd in the præterperfect tenſe, *viximus*, wee have liv'd. Here all have the ſame way. Our very life in the encreaſe, decreaſeth; and we may divide the preſent day with Death. There is a dayly diminution in ſome part of our lives. Our glaſſe may be turn'd, but it's alwayes running.

The firſt ſand as well as the laſt may be ſaid to empty our glaſſe; and the laſt houre in which we die

doth

doth not onely make Death, but doth really consummate it.

§. 6.

All men are but of a short time and continuance.

THe Lily is a flower, whose life and beauty lasts but a day. On the Banks of *Hiperis*, a River in *Scythia*, there is a bird called *Hemerobios*, which lives not beyond the compasse of one day; but ends her life with the same light she first receiv'd it, at sunne-setting. In the same shee hath experience of youth and old age: shee springs up in the morning, flourishes at noone, growes old and dies at night; but that which is most to be admired in that bird, is; shee doth in that space provide as much sustenance, as if shee should live as long as the Raven. Mans life is not unlike to this creature. It alwayes is by the flood of flying time; and more swift then any bird or arrow. And oftentimes hath

Plin. l. 11. c. 36.

hath all his honour and worldly pomp terminated to a day, sometimes to an houre, and often to a moment. Why doe wee then so fondly dreame of yeares and ages, when wee are but as the flowers, or their shadowes? or what can be reckoned to be more vaine or short then either? Hee that vvas thirty yeares in making curiously the forme of a man in Glasse, had in a twinkling of an eye his vaine labour dash'd to peeces; with this vvise answer, As I have done to this brittle glasse, so may Death doe either to you, or my selfe in as short a space; how vaine therefore are you in your thoughts?

But it is most wonderfull, that though this life hath by so many learned Divines in all ages been proved to be so swift and short, and though all Writers in all times have confirm'd the same, yet wretches that we are, vve heare not all these loud voyces. King Hezekiah cries in the Prophesie of Esay, From morning untill night thou wilt make an end of me. The kingly Psalmist

Esay 38. 12.

cries

cries out; *My dayes are past away as a shadow.* And that great man in the land of *Huz*; *Man commeth forth as a flower, is wasted and flieth away as a shadow.* Behold! Oh man, thou art but a bubble; all thy life is but as the passing of a shadow; and expectest thou here an abiding place, or a quiet habitation? Why doest thou heape up thick clay, oh thou covetous vvretch? When as this night they shall fetch thy soule. Why thinkest thou on carking and caring as though thou shouldest live *Nestors* age? When as Death is at thy elbow? thou shalt be gone from hence, before thou thinkest of thy departure: hasten the thought of it early, Eternity is before thee.

Psal. 102 17.

Iob 14. 2.

§. 7.

The same point more largely insisted on, and confirmed.

NO mans life but is short, theirs is shortest vvho forget things past, neglect things present,

sent, feare not things to come. Iob saith excellently, *And they which have seene him shall say, where is hee? like a dreame that passeth away and flieth hence, so shall he not be found.* A dreame is vaine, a flight is swift: Yet man shal passe away as a vision by night. Hee speaks of himselfe thus. *My dayes are swifter then a post, they are gone and have seene no good;* (This uttered that rich man of the East) *They are passed by as ships of burthen, and as an Eagle to the prey. For wee be but of yesterday, and know nothing, are not our dayes as a shadow upon earth?* truly they are so, and tarry not. We feast, banquet, & dance, yet they tarry not. Wee are most secure, and sleepe till high-noone, and yet our dayes tarry not. Wee sport away our time prodigally in trifles, and invent one idle thing after another; yet our time stayes not. Our yeares doe flie, fleete, and flie apace, no man could ever yet give a ransome to enjoy the next day safely. In our very sleepe wee goe on either to the

Iob 2.7. 8.

Iob 9.25. 26.

Iob 8.9.

Eternity

Eternity of joy in Heaven, or of paine in Hell. Excellent was that saying of *Suidas*. O Mortals of one dayes continuance, cunning for the present, not looking to the future. Consider of Eternity, to vvhich you hasten. *Verbo Ephemeris botri pa. 358.*

---

§. 8.

That the hopes and wishes for long life are vaine.

IT vvas the speech of that foolish rich man to his soule. What shall I doe? for vvhere shall I lay my fruits? *This will I doe, I will pull downe my barnes and build bigger.* Luk. 12. 18. Alas vvretched man, twice vvretched: vvilt thou enlarge thy barns? thou shalt this night have a grave, if not a Hell; this night shall they require thy soule, then vvhose shall those things be vvhich thou hast provided? Thy Vertues, hadst thou any, thy Vices of which thou hadst too many, shall goe vvith thee. No other traine or attendants shalt thou have vvith thee hence;

hence; Much like to this rich mans fall vvas that of *Senecio* reported of in *Seneca*. Who recounting the swiftnesse of our life, which is granted to men by moments and minuts, said thus. Each day & houre doth shew that vvee are nothing, & doth alwaies by some new Argument admonish us that are forgetfull of our frailty, and drives us to looke on Eternity through Death. This *Senecio Cornelius* a Roman Knight, a frugall man, not only carefull of his patrimony, but also of his body, having sate all day by a friend of his vvho vvas very ill, and almost past hope of recovery, having supped very merily, vvas suddenly taken vvith the Squinancie in his throat, so that hee could scarce draw his breath: and vvithin a few houres, Hee, vvhich had gone thorough all offices, and charges, fit to be executed by an healthy able man; He, vvhich both by sea and land had gathered vvealth; He, vvhich had left no wayes untried that seemed gainfull; in the highest pitch of

Senec. epist. 101. hist.

Luk. 12. 15.

good

good successe, and in the middest of his wealth, died suddenly.

So often comes it to passe that in the confluence of our hopefullest actions we are gone, as the winde, which when at highest, soone is calme: and therefore doth Iob ask of God, and in a fort complaine; *And dost thou so suddenly destroy me?* Iob 10.8 And learnedly *Tertullian*, There is (saith he) that force and strength in vessels as they saile by the *Cyaneae* rocks, though they be not assaulted by any great or raging windes, nor violent waves, yet with a gentle gale, a smooth course, all thinking themselves safe are with deadly privie overthrow suddenly sunk and lost. An Emblem of the suddain events and unlooked for shipwracks of mens lives. *Tertull. lib. de anima.*

How foolish therefore is it to dispose of our life, when we know not what shall be to morrow? Oh what madnesse is it to lay such large hopes upon such brittle uncertaine beginnings? I will buy, build, sell, get gaines, purchase

honour,

honour, and in old age take my ease. When (beleeve it) even to the most happy all things are
Iam. 3. doubtfull. Our life is but a *vapour* (saith S. *James.*) We cannot promise any certainty of future things, and what we enjoy for the present, may be easily taken from us, or we from it. Yet in the middest of these hazards we propound and resolve upon long voyages, and large journeyes, by sea, and land. We lay out for warres, for pleasures at Court, for quietnesse, and ease, long businesses, an orderly succession of labours, heaping offices to offices, hoping for *Nestors* years, and *Midas* good luck; when in the meane time Death stands by us, and in these thoughts doth suddenly prevent us, and suddenly casts us from the molehill of our hopes, into the depth of Eternity.

---

§. 9.

That man is Dust.

Gen. 3. 19. REmember this (ô man) *that dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou*

thou returne. This is a mourning verse which God himselfe declared to *Adam*, and doth wisely admonish us of our Mortality. The Eagle when she intends to set upon and overthrow the Stagg, before she begins her fight, gathers a great deale of dust into her wings, and sitting betwixt the hornes of the Stagg, with beating her wings upon his face strikes dust into his eyes, and so drives him upon the Rocks. So the Church by the wise use of Humiliation and Mortification, stops many a violent and hastie sinner in his furious course to destruction, and drives his soule upon the Rock of Salvation IESVS CHRIST; so likewise doth the Priest at burialls when the corps is laid in the Grave, he utters these words, when the earth is thrice cast on the dead party, *Earth to earth. Ashes to ashes, Dust to dust.* These words he speaks not to the dead in the grave, but to those Coffines which have living soules abiding in them, not for those out of which the soule is departed. Plin. lib. 10. cap. 4.

King

King *Philip* of *Macedon* was wise in this point, that every morning had this sung to him to make him the more mindfull of Mortality, *O Philip remember thou art a man.*

The very Cranes will in this point serve to be our Tutors, who, when they set their night Sentinels, doe hold a stone in one of their feet, that if they should chance to sleepe, by the fall and sound of that stone they might be wakened: the same Birds when they flie over the sea betwixt *Metis* and *Taurus*, doe carrie sand in their bills. Well, let the stone in their foot remember us of our gravestone, and the sand in their bill, of the earth with which wee shall be covered. The Calfe which the Hebrewes worshipped was in deed of gold, but it was reduced to dust. *Nebuchadnezzars* Image seemed terrible, but it was mouldred to dust by the stroke of a stone. The Apples of *Gomorrah* indeed outwardly were specious and beautifull, but within dust

and

and rottennesse. Proud men may shew their glory and riches, and these may procure some carnall Israelites to worship them, but they shall end in dust and corruption: so that it is excellently which Iob speakes, *I will say to the worme, thou art my sister, and to corruption, thou art my mother.* It is not wisedome to admire present glory, but seriously to consider the end. Dust man was, and dust he shall be, and his pomp shall follow him; do therefore what is best to be done; Eternity is nigh at hand.

§. VII.

That every man is truly miserable.

WE cannot think enough whether nature hath beene a true loving mother, or rather a cruell stepmother to mankinde. For among all other living creatures she clothes man with the wealth of others. Shee hath afforded to the rest divers coverings, as shells, barks, skins, prickles, haire, wooll, bristles,

Plin. præmio in lib. 7. hist. nat.

briſtles, feathers, vvings, ſcales, and fleeces. Shee defends ſtocks and treesſometimes with a double barke from the cold or heat: but ſhe only caſts out man naked into the world in the day of his nativity to cryings, and waylings; but deales not ſo with any other creature in the world. After this manner produc'd is this creature call'd MAN; with crying, and his hands and feet ſwathed, and yet this vveakling comes to have the ſoveraignty of all. Oh great Commander! vvho beginneth his life with puniſhment wretched even in this, that he is borne! Oh the the madnes of thoſe who eſteeme themſelves gotten to pride by ſuch weake beginnings! The firſt hope of his ſtrength, and the firſt gift of time makes him like to the beaſts. How long is it before hee can goe, or ſpeake, or eat any ſolid food? How long is it before his head leaves panting, the onely and infallible ſigne of weakeneſſe? Suddenly how many diſeaſes aſſaile him? What various

medi-

medicines are then sought out for his remedy, and those also subject to alterations upon new advises? We see other creatures presently to performe actions arguing strength according to their natures. Some swim, some goe, some flie, and others creepe; but man, unlesse he be taught, can neither speak, nor goe, nor eat, nor doe any thing of himselfe, but cry. Some creatures are addicted to heavinesse, some to luxurie, others to ambition, some to covetousnesse, another to superstition, another to desire of long life: but to none hath nature afforded a more fraile life, a greater or greedier lust, a more confused feare, or sharper cruelty. To conclude, all other creatures live in quiet vvith those of their owne kinde. Wee see them goe in companies, and Heards lovingly together, and to withstand their enemies. The fiercenesse of Lyons is not exercised upon their owne kinde: Serpents bite not serpents: nay, the fishes doe not devoure but their adversaries. Only

ly from man are all evills to man.

§. II. *What Man is.*

Aristot. Trismo Plaut. Sophoc. Pindar.

IF we will beleeve the Ancients, Man is Fortunes Tennis-ball, the image of inconstancie, corruptions looking-glasse, the spoyle of Time, the prisoner of Death, a moving Sepulchre, a fraile shadow, a vaine image, the dreame of a shadow, a breathing carkasse, or a living death. If you ask *Seneca* what man is? he answereth, Man is a weake fraile body, borne naked, unable to help himselfe, standing in need of others help, cast forth to the reproach of Fortune, fodder for wilde beasts, any enemies sacrifice. If wee consule with the sacred Writers, we shall heare them calling man the bait of wormes, an heap of dung, the laughing stock of calamity, the coppie of infirmity, an hasty messenger, a ship passing away, a bird

taking

king her flight, vanishing
nooke, a thin froth, the ballance
f envy, a drop of a bucket, the
thing in a ballance, a drop of the
orning deaw, a gueſt for one
y, a flower, graſſe, hay; altoge-
er vanity, duſt and aſhes, an
mpty Cask, in a word, He is no-
ing

In the meane time ſee what
mes and ſurnames men wear to
forth their glorious & ſpecious
les, if wee weigh but with what
yperbolicall Epithetes they in-
lace them, wee ſhall perceive
at vaine proud wretches they
: they wound our eares, with
ſe and the like; Moſt magnifi-
t, moſt illuſtrious, happy,
us, moſt potent, Imperiall,
ſt victorious, the beſt of men,
greateſt of Princes, &c.
us heare the titles of *Sa-*
King of *Perſia*, which in his
r ſent to *Conſtantine* the Em-
ur begins thus. Sapor *King of*
s, *Confederate with the Stars,*
her of the Sun and Moone, to
ſtantine *our brother, much*

ly from man are all evills
man.

What Man is.

IF we will beleeve the Ancient
Man is Fortunes Tennis ba
the image of inconstancie, c
ruptions looking-glasse, the spo
of Time, the prisoner of Death
moving Sepulchre, a fraile f
dow, a vaine image, the dream
of a shadow, a breathing carkas
or a living death. If you ask
ecca what man is? he answere
Man is a weake fraile body, bo
nbked, unable to help himse
standing in need of others h
cast forth to the reproach of F
tune, fodder for wilde beasts,
enemies sacrifice. If wee con
with the sacred Writers, we
heare them calling man the
of wormes, an heap of dung,
laughing stock of calamity, th
pie of infirmity, an hasty mes
ger, a ship passing away, a
tal

Aristot. Trismeg. Plaut. Sophoc. Pindar.

taking her flight, vanishing smoake, a thin froth, the ballance of envy, a drop of a bucket, the nothing in a ballance, a drop of the morning deaw, a gueſt for one day, a flower, graſſe, hay; altogether vanity, duſt and aſhes, an empty Caſk, in a word, He is nothing

In the meane time ſee what names and ſirnames men wear to ſet forth their glorious & ſpecious titles, if wee weigh but with what Hyperbolicall Epithetes they interlace them, wee ſhall perceive what vaine proud wretches they are: they wound our eares, with theſe and the like; Moſt magnificent, moſt illuſtrious, happy, pious, moſt potent, Imperiall, moſt victorious, the beſt of men, the greateſt of Princes, &c. Let us heare the titles of *Sapores* King of *Perſia*, which in his letter ſent to *Conſtantine* the Emperour begins thus. Sapor *King of Kings, Confederate with the Stars, Brother of the Sun and Moone, to* Conſtantine *our brother, much*

health, &c. or if you will see a Catalogue of lofty titles, take them from the King of *Bisnag*; who is saluted thus, Husband of good fortune, God of the great Provinces, King of mightiest Kings, Lord of all that ride in Chariots, or on Horses, the Master and Doctor of the Dumbe, the Grand Emperour over three Emperours, the Getter of all he sees, the Conserver of all hee gets, whom eight parts of the World stand in awe off, A Knight without an equall, the Conqueror of all Valiants, the Hunter of Elephants, the Emperour of the East, South, North, and West Seas. These vaunting Titles are recorded by *Petrus Jarricus*. Are not here termes large enough? Let us adde to these the Titles that the *Soldan* sent in his letters. Almighty *Salmander* set down before *Carthage*, the Lord of *Iordan*, Lord of the East of *Bethlehem*, and of Paradise, the Ruler of Hell, the mighty Emperour of *Constantinople*, Lord of the dry fig, Emperour of all the Sun and Moon passeth

seth through, Protector of *Presbytery Iohn*, an absolute Emperour, King of Kings, Lord of *Christians*, *Iews*, and *Turks*, the Cousin of the Gods, &c. And like to this, was that Letter which *Solyman* sent to the Emperour, To *Charles* the fifth *Emperour* of *Germany*, the great *Solyman* sprung out of the most unconquer'd and victorious house of *Ottoman*, *Emperour* of the *Turks*, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, the *Emperour* of *Trapezund* and *Constantinople*, the Conquerour of the World, and the Tamer of the earth, &c. What can you heare more? Oh victorious map of misery! Oh vanity of vanities! It's the most grosseſt ignorance for a man to forget that he is man.

---

§. 12.

To the Haters of Funerals, and Burials.

DEpart from hence therefore not men, but ravenous Kites,

who though yee bee greedy and hungerstarv'd, yet never snatch any food from the Graves. You as you are in other things curious, so you like not to touch or taste any thing that savours of embalming, or of Hearse-cloaths, you desire not to be Guests to Church-yards, you doe as much as you can to put off all thought and care of the Grave. You do not frequent the places of *Ew-trees* or *Cypresse-trees*, you seldome feast under these, these are not places for your delightfull bowers; but see here, how far you are mistaken, and how vainly yee dote: the holy Scripture admonisheth yee otherwise, *It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting*, but you had rather doe any thing, than mourne and repent, and remember death, Lectures of this nature please not, but take heed, Ye Wantons, lest while yee shun mourning here, yee be cast into eternall mourning hereafter.

Eccles. c. 7. v. 2.

§. 13.

That our life is nothing but teares and weeping.

EVery one (as Saint *Cyprian* testifies) as soone as he is borne, and entertained for a guest into this world, begins his journey in teares; every man may thus say of himselfe,

Cypr. Serm. of Patience.

In teares I did begin, in teares I end,
I did in nothing else my short dayes spend.
Our Cradle's full of teares, and so's our Hearse,
Our life begins, ends as a mournfull verse.
Happie's that man who here doth mourn and weep
Because hee shall not when he wakes from sleep.

Serar in rebus Mogun. p. 942 Daniel 97 Epist. 57. Archiepisc. 41. Elector. Mogun.

Will you see the summe and epitome of al our life? *Daniel* Archbishop of *Mentz*, Elector of the Sacred *Roman* Empire, with his own

hands writ these following admonitions,

1 *Life is short;*
2 *Beauty deceitfull.*
3 *Wealth uncertaine.*
4 *Dominion hated.*
5 *War is pernicious.*
6 *Victory is doubtfull.*
7 *Leagues are fraudulent.*
8 *Old age is miserable.*
9 *Death is felicity.*
10 *The fame of true wisdome is everlasting.*

To wit of that wisdome which descends from above, which establisheth Kingdomes, shall never cease but is eternall.

---

§. 14.

That God doth comfort those that weep.

HEare the voice of the Comforter and Promiser together, *Call upon me in the day of trouble*

Ps. 50. 15.

ble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorifie me? And *the Lord is nigh to all them that are of a troubled spirit, and he will save the humble in heart.* Most excellently Saint *Augustine*, Feare not (saith hee) when thou art troubled, as though the Lord was not with thee, *The Lord is neere to those that are of a troubled spirit.* Man may prepare a Crown for the Conquerour; but hee knows not how to give him strength to conquer: But GOD when he beholds the battaile, hee strengthens his Champions, for that is the voice of the Psalmist, that valiant warriour, *If I said, my foot was moved, thy mercy (O Lord) held me up.* Assoone therefore as thou art troubled, stirre up thy faith, and thou shalt know, Hee will not leave thee comfortlesse. But thou mayst perhaps think thy selfe forsaken, because thou art not delivered when thou wouldest; Hee tooke the three children out of the fire, but he which tooke those three, left he the *Machabees*? Far be it to think so, He delivered

Ps. 33. 19

Aug. in Tom. 8. in Psal. 30.

the one, as well as the other; the one corporally, that his and their enemies might bee confounded; the other spiritually, that the faithfull might in all ages imitate their valour. God is high, Every good soule is lowly, if yee would that the high God should come neere unto you, bee humble; these are great *Mysteries* (my Brethren) God is above all; Doest thou lift up thy selfe? thou commest not neere him: Doest thou debase thy selfe? he will come down to thee. Call therefore this faithfull Helper to thy succour by prayer. Hee will be propitious even at the first sigh, if it be from the soule. God wil wipe away all teares from their eyes, neither shall there bee any more weeping or mourning, or griefe, or sorrow, because all these are passed away Most truly said the same Father. How pleasant are the sighs of the soule to God? they are more acceptable than the laughter of Fools or Theatres.

Apoc. 21. 4.

Aug. in Psal. 127 circa med.

§. 15.

§ 15.

That our death may be as advantageous as our Birth.

EPaminondas the Theban being at point of death, said, *It was not so much to bee accounted the period of his life as the beginning. For now* (fellow souldiers) *may your* Epaminondas *be said to be born, because he so dyes.* For whether is better to be pampered under griefe in this life, or by death to enter into immortality. *Val Max. l.3.c.2. & l.2.c.6*

There are a people neer *Thrace*, called the *Trauſi*, which agree with the *Thracians*, in al cuſtoms ſave in this particular; That the neighbours when an Infant is born, doe with great lamentations rehearſe the great calamity the Infant muſt ſuffer on the ſtage of his life: And they celebrate the Funerals of their Neighbours with great rejoycing; in regard they are by death freed from all the miſeries *Herodot. lib.5.Hiſt. Valer.l.2. c.1. Quintil.l. 5.Inſtitut.*

incident to this life. This Nation of some in this very respect hath bin reputed wise and discreet, because they celebrate Birth-dayes with teares, and Obits with joy. The *Getes* and *Causians* are said to doe the same, and to speak truth, let but the seeming pleasures which this life promiseth, be but exempt, which force and inveigle men to many hazards and inconveniences, by their allurements, and then our end is to bee judged more happy than our beginning. Death is not to be accounted an evill; but the conclusion of all evils. *Plinius Secundus* saith, *There have beene some who have judged it best, not to have beene born: and next to that, an early Death.* So *Silenus* when hee was taken by *Midas*, being asked what was best for man, was a good space silent; but at last answered thus, *It is the best not be at all, and next to that, to be but for a moment.*

Stobæus in Encomio Mortis.

Plin. in præf. l. 7. Hist.

I cannot omit that rare and seldome heard of passage pleasant to be related, of one *Ludovicus Cor-*

tusius,

tuſius, a Counſellour living in *Padua*, who in his Will at his death forbade all mourning for him at his Buriall; and willed that all the Muſicians and Minſtrels ſhould bee preſent, ſome to goe before, and fifty to follow the Clergymen and the Corps, and allowed by Will to each of them for their attendance halfe a Ducat, and willed further that his coffin ſhould be carried by twelve beautifull Virgins cloathed in a freſh greene habit, and that they ſhould ſing melodiouſly as they paſſed along; and gave to all of them ſuch large Legacies, that they ſerved for their Dowry: and was attended by an hundred torches, and in this manner was ſumptuouſly interr'd in the *Church* of Saint *Sophia*, in *Padua*; with all the Clergy accompanying his buriall, (the *Black Friers* onely excepted) whom hee debard by his Teſtament, leſt they by their ſable weeds might move in ſome perſons mourning or heavineſſe, ſo that his Funeral was celebrated with

with as much mirth as a marriage. This merry conceited man dyed in the year of our Saviour, 1418, *July* the seventeenth.

De modo bene viv. Serm 70. Idem de transit. mal.

Saint *Bernard* spoke worthily saying, *Let those mourne for their dead, which believe not the Resurrection*: those are to bee lamented, who after their death are punished in Hell by Devils, not those who are placed in Heaven with the blessed spirits. *Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints.* Precious (indeed) as the period of their labours, as the consummation of victory, as the gate to life, and the entrance into perfect rest and securitie. Well spoke that wise Hebrew, *Better is the day of our death, then the day of our birth.*

Eccles. 7. 1.

---

§. 16.

That Death is every where.

THose Wretches, who seeke by what means they shall die, to whom

whom death is more welcome then life, may vex and distract themselves with griefe and anxious sollicitudes, and disturbing encumbrances; they may sharpen their swords, prepare poysons, catch at Gibbets, looke out for steep Rocks to fall downe from, as though the loving yoke and society betwixt the soule and body could not be parted without such exquisite preparation. Death is alwayes laying his snares in all places to catch us, whereſoever man passeth, Death is alwayes ready, where is hee not working? whom doth not he meet and strike with his fatall dart? How many sorts of deaths are there, and all to ruine one poore wretch'd man? so that it may be said truly,

why are so many sorts of deaths assailing?
when all our lives are bubbles quickly failing?

Lib. de honest. vitæ. Idem in medit. cap. 3. de dignitate animæ.

Heare but Saint *Bernard*, let the daily meditation of death be thy chiefe

chiefe wisdome: for there are divers kinds of death always pinching thee, What ever happens to other men (saith he) may also happen to thee, because thou art a man, thou art made and composed of earth, and art but dust of dust; thou takest thy descent and pedigree from earth, thou livest of earth, and shalt at one time or other bee reduc'd to earth, when that last and terrible day shall come, which shall come suddenly; and perhaps to morrow, or this day. It is certain that thou shalt dy, but when, or how, or where, is altogether uncertaine. *Seneca* saith, It is uncertaine in what place Death looks for thee, therefore doe thou expect it in every place.

---

§. 17.
Every mans House is Death's home.

WE sport, and put Death farre, too far away;
And yet it secretly in us doth lurke,
Yet

Yet from our first breath doe our lives decay,
And Death begins even then 'gainſt us to work.
Each houre doth ſtrive to cut our threds in twain,
Each moment Death doth ſomthing from us gain.
wee always dye, and in one moment paſſe
Vnto Deaths darkeſt Cels, as lights put out.
Death cuts off time, in which our hopes we place,
Fruſtrates our hopes with time, which wheels about.
So ſhort oft times are both our hopes and time
That oft Death takes them both even in their prime.

In the Northern Ocean, towards *Moſcovy*, there is a certaine fiſh whoſe name is *Death*, this great devourer of fiſhes is mightily arm'd with teeth, (and as *Cardanus* reports it) ſword-hilts are made uſually of his teeth. Oh mortals! our owne bodies are ponds in which

Hie. Cardan. l. 10. de ſubtilitate, pag. 336.

which this great Devourer, *Death* is nourished, wee need not therefore go farre to find it, when it is bred in our own bowels.

—— In each Mans Home
—— Death keeps a Roome.

---

§. 18.

That Death is inexorable, not to be intreated.

THough Rocks be deafe and Tigres fell,
And boysterous Seas doe rage and swell,
Sometimes these are calme, quiet, pleas'd;
And all their furies are appeas'd:
But death nor threats or friendship doth regard
But is than Seas, Tygres, or Rocks more hard.

Antiquity feignes the three Ladies of destinies to be all inexorable, to whom all the power of life and

and death is only entrusted; to whose distaff, spinning, thread, & sheares the Gods have transferd humane actions: as it is said,

— when Fates in order come,
— Then every one must run
— without delay to his home.

Those Fates are said not to defer the determined time, but keepe it exactly. Death by Painters is delineated with a Dart in his hand, impartially striking Kings Sceptors, as they that grinde at mill; without eares, because hee is not mov'd with mortals cryes; hee wants eyes, so that hee looks not upon mens miseries; hee wants a forehead and cheeks, so that hee cannot blush; hee wants a tongue & lips, lest he might afford to men some little comfortable syllable. Hee wants flesh all over, to shew that hee cannot be touched with any sence of humanity, onely you shall see him with nerves, limbs, muscles & bones, with his arrows and darts ready to strike downe wretch-

wretched men suddenly; and if at any time above all the rest, Death showed his cruelty, and inexorableness, it was then, when without all pity or compassion, hee struck the Prince and Authour of life, *Iesus Christ*, with his deadly dart, though at this attempt of his, the stones rent, the earth shooke, the stars hid their beauties, the Sun was darkned, nay, the very Angels seem'd to mourne as not willing to behold Life it selfe brought to death. Whosoever thou art, thou shalt find death inexorable, therefore live always mindful of it: the time flies as a Post, and what I say, may instantly come to passe. Settle every day as it may be thy last; or first leading to *Eternity*.

Perf. Sat. 5.

§ 19.

As nothing is more certain, so nothing more uncertain than Death.

SAint *Bernard* learnedly crys out, *What is more certaine in all humane*

De Convv. ad Clericos, c. 14.

mane affaires than death? and yet what can be found more uncertain than the time of it? It shewes it self in old men, it layes ambushments in yong men; therefore wisely said King *Salomon*, *Boast not thy selfe of to morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth*; so sings that *Horace*, Prov. 27. 1.

——who knows if Fates will spare us, our next breath or aire? Hor. l. 4. Od. 7.

Saint *Iames* the Apostle speaks most truly, *Behold you which say to day or to morrow we will goe into such a citie for a yeere, and there wee will buy, and sell, and get gaines; when as you know not what may be on the morrow, for what is your life but a vapour? which now is, and suddenly passeth away: whereas you should rather say, if the Lord will, or if wee live, we will doe this or that* Iam. 4. 13. 14.

Wee all, all of us must passe to the grave; for it is said, *wee all die, and are like water spilt on the earth, which cannot be gathered up againe.* 2 Kings 14. 14.

Neither can any man plead ignorance,

race, of the Law which saith *Thou must return the spirit to him which gave it*; and as no man can die, which never did live, so no man that ever lived, but did die; only the time and date is uncertain. Therefore Christ hath stirred us up by a wise admonition: *watch and pray* (saith hee) *for you know not the day and houre, and so* repeating the words againe. *watch yee therefore, for yee know not when the Lord of the house will come, whether at the dawning, or at midnight, or at the third watch, or in the morning, lest when he comes, he finde you sleeping, therefore what bee saith, Hee saith unto all men, VVatch.*

Mark. 13. 33. 35. 36. 37.

---

§ 20.

Death comes suddenly to many, unlook'd for almost to all.

WHo will not watch against the assaults of death, who is ready at all houres for execution? who never

never acquaints us with the time hee intends to invade us: who sometimes comes creeping, sometimes flying, sometimes furiously in the twinkling of an eye, hastily arrests us unprovided; without the least giving us notice, without cause, without caution, in sicknes, in health, in danger, in securitie, so that there is nothing free or priviledged from his talons, or destroying assaults.

Was not *Tarquinius* healthy and merry, and suddenly choaked with the bone of a little fish? *Fabius* likewise was well and lusty, when presently a small haire (which he drunk with his milke) dispatched him. Was not the byting of a Weasell the end of *Aristides* life? Did not the Father of *Cæsar* arise well from his bed, and dyed putting on his shooes? Did not another *Cæsar* breath out his soule going over the threshold into his Palace? That Ambassador who intended to have spoken with great admiration the *Rhodians* affaires in a great Assembly, dyed he not in the en-

P... l.7. N... Hist. c.7.

entrance into the Court? If wee will believe *Lucian*, *Anacreon* the Poet, and *Sophocles* were both killed with the ſtone of a Grape. One little prick of a Needle kild *Lucia* the daughter of *Marcus Aurelius*. *Cneus Bebius pamphilus* the *Prætor* having deſired that Dignity from a youth, dyed the firſt houre hee enjoyed it. A ſudden and violent laughter hath kild ſome, ſo wee read of *Chilo* the *Lacedemonian*, and *Rhodias Diagoras*, who, when they heard their ſonnes were Conquerours in the *Olympick* Games, in one and the ſame time both ſuddenly departed. Death hath many paſſages, and entrances, by which he comes into us, and ruines us; ſometimes he comes in at the windows, ſometimes enters into the Sellars, not ſeldome by the ſupporters and pillars, and often by the tiles and covering of the houſe, if hee fails by theſe betrayers to overthrow the houſe, ſuch I call all the ill Humours, Diſeaſes, Cathars, Pluriſies, and other Cauſes, which death uſeth

to

to effect his designes upon us, then he will burst open the dores with powder, with fire, water, pestilence, poysons, beasts, and men, with all violence and fury that can bee invented. *Mephibosheth* the son of King *Saul*, as he was upon his bed at noone, was slaine by hired murtherers. *Pulco* King of *Ierusalem*, as he hunted a Hare, falling from his horse, and being trodden upon presently was slain. *Iosias* of all the Kings of *Iuda* (*David* onely excepted) the most renowned for piety, sanctity, and other Princely endowments, when he met the Army of *Pharaoh Necho* King of *Egypt*, being suddenly wounded with an arrow, died in the battaile. *Egillus* King of the *Goths*, an excellent Prince, was gored and kild by a mad Bull, which was let loose, by naughty lawlesse people. *Malcolme* the first King of the *Scots*, after many examples of justice, on a night as he narrowly viewed his Kingdom, was strangled; many as they have gone to sleepe, have slept their last;

laſt; it is neceſſary at all occaſions to be in battaile aray againſt this politique enemy. *Vzzah* a great man in *Davids* Court, who laid hands upon the Arke when it ſhaked as it was bringing to *Ieruſalem*, to ſtay it from falling, was ſmitten and died. The Prophet that eat meate contrary to the Lords command was torne in pieces by a Lion. *Ananias* and *Saphyra* in the Apoſtles time, at the very word of Saint *Peter*, both died ſuddenly; whoſe act may ſerve as a faire warning to all men not to tranſgreſſe in the like manner; but I omit theſe ancient times, and come to our dayes.

Iacob. Gord. in Chron. in hunc annum.

In the yeare 1559. *Henry* the ſecond King of *France*, was kild in the midſt of his Sports and Triumphs, in a great confluence of Spectators; for as hee celebrated in great ſtate with juſts and tournaments the Marriage of his Daughter in *Paris*, was run into his eye, and ſo through the head with a ſhiver of a Lance, that hee died forthwith. In the yeare 1491,

Adol-

Alphonsus the sonne of *John* the second King of *Portugall*, being 16 yeeres old, and a Prince of an excellent wit, and great hopes, married *Isabel* the daughter of *Ferdinand* King of *Spain*, whose dowrie was the Inheritance of the large Territories of her Fathers Kingdomes: The marriage was celebrated with the preparation and furniture of six hundred severall sorts of Triumphs, every where were Playes, and Tiltings, and Justs, and Banquets, there was such excesse and superfluitie, that even Pages, and Kitchen-boyes, shone in their cloth of Gold, and silkes and velvets were accounted of no value; but oh the griefe! what a strange Catastrophe presently followed? scarce were seven moneths passed, when as this young Prince sporting himselfe with his horse by the banks of the River *Tagus*, was strucke off from the banks to the earth, with his head all bruised fatally, and so was carried into a poore fishers Cottage, which could scarce hold him, and

two of his servants, and in that poore plight, in that dejected state, upon a Mattresse of straw, he ended his life. The King and the Queene his Mother came thither, and saw that deplorable spectacle, and all their pompe and magnificence was suddenly turn'd into mourning, and the wedding ended in a funerall, and all their large hopes of the prosperous successefull government of their sons state were extinguished, and cut off as greene flowers by the cold blasts of a Northern wind; & so all this Princes glory was laid in a little quantity of earth. Oh the strange and sudden whirle-windes of humane glory! Oh the unexpected precipices and downfals of the strongest of mortals!

Shall I speak of more? *Basilius* the Emperour, as he was hunting a Stag, was wounded with his horne, and in short time after of that wound died. An ancient Monument in *Ambrose*, neer *Oenipont*, records that a yong unexpert gentleman, more rash than wise, put his

Hippol. Guar. l. 6. de abominandis gentium, c. 10

his horſe with his ſpurs to take a ditch of twenty feet over, he forc'd the horſe to it, but both he and his horſe periſhed alike: the Knights clothes, and the horſes skin kept in that place, ſpeake this true to poſterity.

Vide Iuſſa Hen. 4. regis Gall. a Ludovico Richeome. ſcripta.

But this ſudden death happens alike to good and bad: unleſſe (as in ſome examples) the divine ſtroke of Juſtice hath wiped out ſome out of the Land of the living for ſome notorious offence in the very act and perpetration, ſo *Dathan* and *Abiram* for their rebellion were ſwallowed up of the earth quick with their conſorts. Such was the death of *Abſolon* for his rebellion againſt his Father. Such was the death of thoſe fifty, that were ſent to *Elijah*, whom fire from heaven ſuddenly devoured. Such was the death likewiſe of *Zimri* and *Cozbi*, for their tranſgreſſion, being both run through by *Phinees*: Whoſe action in luſt brought them to duſt.

So many Pores as are in the body, ſo many little doores are

there for death to enter; though death doth not seeme alwayes to be neere, yet hee is certainly at hand always ready. Why should that seeme strange to be done at this time, which may be done at any time? The tearm of our life is fixed, and alters not; but none of us all knows, how neere it wee are. Let us so order our selves therefore alwayes, as if we were come to the mark. *Let us not defer.* There was a certain man dream't hee was killed by the mouth of a Lion. He rose, and neglecting his dreame, went to the Church with other company, and by the doore as they entred he spied a Lion cut in stone, with his mouth open, which partly upheld one of the Pillars. Hereupon, hee with jesting and laughter told his dreame to his fellows, Behold (saith hee) this is the Lion that kild mee in my dreame; with that saying, Hee put his hand into the hollow place of the stone-lions mouth, and said, Oh fierce Lion here is thy enemy, shut thy mouth

Senec. Epist. 101. Med.

if

If thou beest able, and bite off my hand; hee had scarce made an end of speaking, but hee received his fatall blow: for in the bottome of that hollow place lay hid a Scorpion, which feeling his hand, put forth her sting, touch'd him, and he forthwith fell downe dead. Is it so that stones can sting, and poyson lurke in a Lion of stone? Where may wee then not justly feare deaths stroke? in the like manner did *Hylas* perish whom a lurking Viper in the chops of a Beare of stone did kill; which is expres'd by *Martiall* in his third Book, and nineteenth Epigram.

What need I to mention the young man who was kild, as hee was going into an house, by an Icesicle, which fell upon his head, from the House-eaves; Whom *Martiall* laments in his Epigrams. So that you see, many are the passages that Death hath to set upon us, and usually he is then neareſt when we least think of him. *Lib. 4. Ep. 18.*

§. 21.

§ 21.

An Antidote against sudden Death.

GOod Reader, here is annexed a short Prayer that I propose unto thee as a pattern for thee to use daily to entreat the Lord JESUS CHRIST to preserve thee from sudden death. It is at thine owne liberty whether thou wilt use that or some other every day, I made it, that thou might'st on thy knees beg this great blessing of thy Saviour; and know thus much, such is the danger and so common, that no man can be too wary or carefull over himself.

A Prayer.

O *Most loving and bountifull Lord Jesus, my Lord, and my* GOD, *I most ardently desire thee by thy most precious blood shedding; by thy Last words*

words upon the Crosse, when thou cryedst, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken mee; by those blessed words of thine, when thou saidst, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; that thou wouldst not take mee away by violent death. Thy hands (oh blessed Redeemer) made me, and fashioned mee, oh give me understanding and I shall live, oh make not so soon an end of me, give me, I beseech thee, time of Repentance, grant that I may end in thy favour, that I may love thee with all my heart, and praysse, and blesse thy Name for ever, AMEN.

NEvertheleſſe, all things (good Lord) are in thy diſpoſing, neither is there any that can reſiſt thy will: my life depends upon thy good pleaſure, neither doe I will as I pleaſe, but reſigne my wil, to thy moſt godly governance, in what place, time, or by what ſickneſſe thou wilt ſtrike mee, Thy will be done. I doe commend all theſe to thy fatherly goodneſſe and providence. I except no place,

no time, no disease, though bitter and grievous, because I hou of very faithfulnesse hast caused mee to be troubled; onely this one thing do I crave of Thee, not to take me away in my sins, by some hastie Messenger, but how ever not my will but thine (O Lord) be done, if it seemes good to thy heavenly wisdome quickly to make an end of mee, I submit; thy will, Oh God, be done in all things: For even then I hope through thy tender mercies to depart in peace, and in thy favour, in which though I do die by the hand of sudden death, yet nothing shall separate thy love from my soul. The just though taken away by death, goes but to his rest. *Death is not sudden to him that is always provided.*

Sap.4.7.

Which if there be not a longer space and time left to me, in which I may commend my soule to thee, which is onely knowne to thee, behold then now I doe it, and doe ardently and heartily call unto thee (O Lord) *Lord, heare my voice,*

and

and let my cry come unto thee. Have mercy upon me (O Lord) according to thy infinite mercies: Let thy will be done in earth as it is heaven; Into thy hands, O Lord, doe I commend my ſpirit; for thou haſt redeemed it, O Lord God of truth. All things living praiſe and bleſſe thee, O God. In thee (O Lord) have I put my truſt, let mee not be put to confuſion.

---

§. 22.

That our days are few and evill.

HOw old art thou; Sixty; how many yeeres aged art thou? ſeventy; tell mee alſo, oh man, how old art thou? foureſcore. Alas! good men where are theſe yeeres? where are thy ſixty? where haſt thou left thy threeſcore and ten, and where (oh man) wilt thou find thy foureſcore? why number yee thoſe that are loſt and ſpent? Elegantly ſaid *Lælius* that wiſe man to a man that ſaid. *I have ſixty yeeres in hold*, thou doeſt (ſaid he) reckon that which thou haſt not;

neither those that are past, nor what is to come is thine, wee depend upon a moment of fleeting time, and even a little time is of great consequence.

Gen. 47. 8, & 9. *Pharaoh* the Egyptian King, asking the Patriarch *Iacob* how old hee was, old *Iacob* answer'd, *The dayes of the yeeres of thy servants pilgrimage are few and evill.*

Hearken you earthly *Tantalusses* which so eagerly thirst after the extended yeeres of a perishing life; Know that you are strangers here, no inhabitants, passengers, not dwellers, travellers, not natives, nor are you travellers in a long continuing journey, your way as it is evill, so it is short; short it is, perhaps to be ended before the conclusion of the next houre which you divide with death; evill any knows it to be, that are in it. It offers more brambles than Roses to go upon. Miserable and vaine that we are! what advantage is it for a stranger to load himself with pebbles, and fading flowers, and for them to lose

lose his heavenly inheritance? what hinderance or losse is it to leave these, if we get immortalitie and glory? to labour in the way, to provoke to good workes, to sweat in them, to endure any troubles or molestation is to bee counted gaine. The more harsh our banishment is, the more welcome will our Country be.

§. 23.

That a young man may dye old.

AS old men at length become as children, so there may be many young may be said to be old men. Old *Balaam* a man of threescore yeers and ten, answered *Josaphat* the King (asking him how old he was) that hee was fortie and five, and told the King wondring at his words; that hee had beene quiet at his study twenty five yeeres, as for the rest which hee had spent upon

upon worldly vanities hee did verily believe all those to be utterly lost; so one *Similius*, which was (as it were) buried in Court affaires, & had rather liv'd for his Emperour, than for himself, caused this to be engraved upon his Sepulchre, *Here lyes buried Similius an old man of seven yeeres of age.* In the sacred Writ it is recorded of King *Saul*, that he began to reigne when hee was one yeere old, and hee reigned two yeeres over *Israel*. *Saul* when hee began to reigne was as pure from sin as an Infant of a yeere old: and he kept this his uprightnesse and integrity but one compleat yeere, although in all hee ruled twenty yeeres. Many get to old age before they be so. Many never see the flourishing of that worke, but in their old and decrepid age they too often reteine the sinnes of youth, holy *Iob* doth speak it, His bones are filled with the sins of his youth. A life is not counted good for the duration of it, but the use; it may be so, and hath come

1 Reg. 3.1.

Sen. Epist. 49. ad finem. et l. de tranquill. c. 3.

to

to passe, that hee who hath lived a long time, may be said to have lived but a short moment; there is nothing more grosse, than an old man that hath no other argument to prove himselfe old by, than his age and multitude of yeeres. Saint *Ambrose* spake elegantly of *Agnes* a *Virgin*, In yeeres shee was a child, but in gravity and sobriety of minde shee was an ancient Matron: the sacred Scriptures proclaim that old age is reverend, and the hoary head, when they are furnished with wisdome. *Serm. 90. qui est de S. Agnet.* Wisd. 4. 8, 9.

It is therefore that old men are reverenced, not for their antiquity and multiplicity of days, but for their holinesse of life, and abundance of wisdome. Whosoever therefore is ancient in wisedome, though yong in yeers, is as a *Daniel*, and deserves respect: an upright life is the best seniority.

Hee hath liv'd long enough, who hath liv'd wel. He hath fought enough, who hath got the victorie.

§. 24.

A Paradox.
That any man that will, may live long.

Lib. 1. Tusc. 99.

TVlly saith, that a short time is long enough to live well. Hee never dies too early that (if hee had liv'd longer) would not have liv'd better. That youngling hath lived yeeres enough, who hath liv'd to get Vertue, to get Eternity. Hath not he spoke well that perswades his Auditours by one short sentence, or beckning? Hath not he run well, who hath gain'd the prize? Hath not he sail'd far enough that is come happily to his desired Haven? Onely have a care that death prevents not our meditations, and then the swifter our course, the happier it is.

Curt. lib. 9 c. 12. Mod.

Truly, I say (as the King of *Macedon* said in *Curtius*) Hee which numbers not my yeeres but my victorious Conquests, & computes my husbandry of Fortunes gifts exactly

exactly, will finde I lived long time; but much more truelier, He, who hath consecrated his whole life to God, and hath onely studied to please and serve him, may say with confidence and comfort; if my yeers be not numbred, but my manifold desires of pleasing God, and Gods great and infinite mercies bestowed upon mee in that time, I have lived long.

---

§. 25.

That wee must all die.

Augustus the Emperour having taken the City of *Perusie* in *Hetruria*, observed many, how they beg'd their pardons, or desired to excuse themselves, hee answered them all in this short sentence, *We must all die*; Thereupon hee forthwith commanded three hundred of them to be sacrificed upon the Altar built to *Julius Cæsar*. *Sueton. in Aug. c. 15* *Dio saith 400.* *Iust. Mar. in Trip. Iren. l. 5. cont. Hæres.*

Iustinus Martyr and *Irenæus* famous writers amongst the Primitive

tive times, have wittily observ'd, that after the sentence pronounc'd of death against our first parents, there was never any mortall man, according to Gods sacred account, that did ever live out one whole day compleat; For the Prophets and Apostles beare record, *That a thousand yeeres in Gods sight are but as one day, and one day as a thousand yeeres*: But yet never was that man found whose life attaind to such a large extent as to a thousand yeeres, therefore according to Gods reckoning never did any live a day outright. Thou must dy, though thy life goes beyond the compasse of 900. yeeres. All those registred in the word of God, of whom some lived so many hundred, and others so many hundred yeeres, yet the finall clause of all of them is this, and *He dyed.* This will appeare to be most certain by the sacred oracles, by reason and experience. Gods word hath in the old and new Testament mentioned this 600. times, *Moriendum*, We must die. Reason convinceth

Ps. 90. 4. & 2 Pet. 3. 8.

vinceth the same by most evident demonstrations; because man is compos'd of contraries, and obnoxious to ruine, and so of consequence at one time or other, *Moriendum est*, He must die. Experience the Schoolemistris of wise & unwise, points as it were with her finger at the immese heaps of dead corpses, and shews by daily examples that yet there was never man that deluded or shifted off deaths wound, it is as manifest as the sunne at noon-day, *Moriendum est*, that man must goe to his long home. This word, Death, sounds in the eares of all as loud as thunder; no man can in this thing bee either blind, or deafe; will we, nil we, this voice will peirce our ears; Deaths thunder will bee *Moriendum est*, we must all die. Even divine Justice, and divine mercy herein agree in one, all men must die.

Æschilus said of old, Death only refuseth to be bribed by the very deities. The Goddesses with their guifts could not asswage Death, *Nat. 99. l. 6. in fine.*

It

It admits not the sweetest and fairest hopes, and therefore *Seneca* said wisely, let us have that always fixed in our minds, let us always apply this to our souls, *Moriendum est*, we must die; when? thou shalt never know better than presently; Death is the Law of Nature, and thou must pay this tribute when death by law requires it; wherefore laying aside all other things, meditate seriously this one, lest when death comes thou shouldest feare his approach. Make death by a frequent meditation thy familiar, that when it shall so fall out that death shall call thou mayest willingly and readily salute it with cheerfulnesse.

---

§ 26.

The remembrance of Death is divers ways to bee renewed.

IT is reported that a dead mans scul dryed in an oven, and beaten to powder in a mor-

ter,

ter, and so mixt with oile, doth speedely heale the Gangrene, and Canker. To bruise the braine pan, and other the bones of dead men, by an holy Meditation and Contemplation doth perfectly cure the Gangrene of the Soule.

2 *Plato* is said to out-strip the sages in this respect, in that with vivacity and courage he did contemplate upon death and read lectures to his Schollers of it. Therefore he gave this as a law to his Schollers; that being entred on their journey they should never stand still or stop their course, he wisely intimated by this, that there departure out of this life should bee daily considered, and some progresse to he made every day more than other.

S. Hiero. *ha us memoriæ in C. 10. Mat*

3 *Nicolaus Christopherus Radzivilius* a Prince of *Poland* affirmes, that in *Ægypt* those which did excell others in age and wisdome, did daily carry about them dead mens bones set in ebony or some other thing, and did use to shew them to men, and by these they did dai-

daily exhort men to remember their ends, the *Ægyptians* also use at their banquets to bring in a deaths head, and end their merry meetings with this sad Emblem, to have presented before them the shoulder-blade of a dead man, with this heavie motto, Remember you must die.

4 The Great *Cham* of *Tartarie*, in the City of *Bagdad*, upon a Festivall day which they call *Ramadam*, shewing himselfe to the people riding upon a Mule, being richly apparelled in vestments of gold and silver cloth, his Turbant being all set with precious jewels, yet all his head and ornaments are hid under a blacke veile, by which custome and ceremony hee shews, that the greatest glory, and highest magnificence, will be shaded and obscured with death.

Baron. Tom. 7. An. 567.

5 There was laid over *Iustinian* the Emperour being dead a large Carpet, in which in *Phrygian* work there were woven the lively Effigies of all the Cities that hee had conquered, and all the barbarous Kings

Kings he had subdued: and in the midst of all those great Battails, Trophies, and Conquests, there was the Image of Death. For, for certain, Death doth sport it self in Kingdomes; as he said,

Death onely strikes not poore men dead and clowns,
But lofty Turrets, and Imperiall Crowns

Pallida mors aquo pulsat pede &c.

Martine the fifth Pope of *Rome*, had this in a Badge or Symbol, In a great fire ready kindled, in which were throwne a Bishops Mitre, a Cardinals Hat, an Emperours Diadem, the Crownes of Kings, a Dukes Cap of Maintenance and Sword; with this adnexed Motto, *So passeth all worldly glory.*

Aulea Otho Columna dictus.

6 A man asked a Mariner upon a time where his Father died? the Mariner replyed in the Sea; the other asked him, where his grandfather and his great grandfather died? the Sailer answered again at Sea; and (quoth the other) art not thou then afraid to goe to Sea? The Sailor wittily replyed,

De remed. utriusque fortunæ, l. 1. dial. 121. Fran. Petrarch. Cujus opera hic sæpius utendum.

replyed, and Sir, I pray you tell me where your Father died? He answered in his bed; but where died your grandfather, and all other your Ancestours? in their beds replyed the other: then are not you afraid to go into your bed seeing all your forefathers died there; no, said the other; why, said the Sailor, by your owne relation the bed is the more dangerous in this respect, for there many more dies in their beds, than there doe at sea; and you may die there, as soon as I may at sea. A witty answer and well applyed. Let our daily Meditations be as *Lipsius* said when hee went sick to bed, *ad Lectum, ad Lethum*; to the Bed and so to the Grave: for many have died in their sleep, Death being but the elder sister of sleep.

Leont. Cypr. Episc. c. 18. in vita Joannis.

7 *Iohn* Patriarch of *Alexandria*, which took his name from his Almesdeeds, in his health he commanded his sepulchre to be built but it was not fully finished; in so much that upon a great solemne feast day in the presence of all the

Cler

Clergie, when hee had ended his sacred Charge, One said to him (My Lord) your sepulchre is not yet built up, nor perfected; command, I pray you, that it may be made speedily up; For your honour knows not how soone the Thiefe may overtake you.

8 It was not lawfull for any one to speake to the Easterne Emperour, being newly created, before that a Mason had shewed him som sorts of Marble, of several colours, and had asked which of those he liked best to have his Sepulcher made of. What was this else but to say, Be not high minded, o Emperour, Thou art a man and shalt die as the meanest begger. *Idem ibid.*

Looke therefore so to the government of thy Kingdome which thou shalt lose, as that thou loosest not the Kingdome which is everlasting. *Xiphil. in Domit.* who in this banquet did not seeke to remember death, but sport and vanity.

9 *Domitianus* the Romane Emperour made a banquet to the chiefe of his Senators, and great Knights after this manner: Hee had

had all the roomes covered with black cloaths, also the roofes of the Chambers, the walls, and the pavement, the seats all black, promising mourning; In the chief place was a funeral bed, the guests were brought in by night, without any attendants, by every one there was placed a Coffin with every mans name upon it, & there were lāps added & set up, as use to be at funerals; the waiters at the table they carried the colours of the night in their habits and countenances, and compassed the guests with notes and gestures of Death; all this while supper was celebrated in great silence, and *Domitians* discours was only of burialls and Death at the table, to the astonishment and affrightment of his guests, who feared what would be the issue of this his action. What followed think you after all this mournfull carriage and deportment, onely *Domitianus* had provided a wholsome document for himselfe and his Senators, but never made use of it, so that it

was

was rather judged folly than wiſedome: The Egyptians doe better, who alwayes temper their feaſts with ſome ſeaſonable leſſons of Mortality.

---

§ 27.

A diſcourſe of New ſhifts made by Aſſan Baſhaw *in* Grand Cayro *for erecting of a Temple.*

IN *Grand-Cayro* in Egypt there is a Turkiſh Temple, (which they call a *Moſque*) which was builded by this meanes. *Aſſan* the *Baſhaw* for the Grand-Seigneur of *Turky*, a man of a cunning head, and a covetous Heart, being deſirous his fame ſhould be ſpread abroad through the world by ſome eminent ſtructure, but willing to ſave his owne purſe, went this way to worke. He commanded it to be proclaimed in all places, what a mighty Temple he was intended to build to God; And that this Temple migh: proceed with all happy

Radz. Epiſt. 3. Itinerar. in palaſtin. pag. 176.

ſucceſſe, he publiſhed what large wages all they that would come and worke ſhould have paid them: withall what an huge offering ſhould there be offered; thereupon the time and place was appointed. This call'd an innumerable company of people out of all *Egypt*, and not onely from thence, but a world of people came from all other parts to *Grand-Cayro*. Againſt this great confluence of peoples comming, *Aſſan* the *Baſhaw* had prepared a mighty number of new ſhirts and coats: now thoſe which came to the offering, as alſo they which came to receive wages, were all cómanded to paſſe through ſeverall little dores out of one great ſpacious court into another, and at each dore as they paſſed ſingle, he had ſet officers to ſtrip off their old garments and ſhirts, and new ones were put upon them, by force and command. By this his ſubtile craft, whatſoever any man had brought with him for his journey (as the manner

in

in thoſe parts is, to ſow, or bind it up in his ſhirt or Turbant) he got it all in this manner to himſelfe; Now, it is wonderfull to thinke what a maſſe of money he gain'd out of ſo many thouſands of people. And although all the people had rather have kept their owne habit (though it was not ſo gay and new as the *Beſhawes* were) yet there were no complaints to be received, but ſo it was commanded, and ſo it was to be performed. Well, all the people lamented and grieved, and deſired their old cloathes againe; but hee as a great politician laugh'd at them, and commanded all their cloathes preſently to be burned in one generall fire; And out of the fire was taken ſuch a maſſe of Treaſure and money, as ſufficed enough and enough to erect that great famous Temple.

Now obſerve juſt ſo doth Death deale with us, hee takes away from us all our rich garments, and wraps us all in an empty wind-

2 Cor. 5. v. 4. ing-sheet. Now, (as the blessed Apostle St. *Paul* saith) wee sigh being burthened, and are loth to be found naked, yet not willing to be stript of our cloathing; but we strive in vaine, sterne Death (as that greedy *Bashaw*) is nothing mov'd with our complaints, will we, nill we, we must lay aside our old cloathing, put off, and be gone The same condition binds all of us, all that have a birth, must partake of death, there is a little distance, but no distinction.

But now heare how this covetous mans act was revenged. The Turkish Seigneur having Intelligence what was done by *Assanus* the *Bashaw*, hee presently dispatc'd one *Imbraim* a *Beshaw* to him with Letters, and charg'd him forthwith upon the receit of his Letters, to send his head to him in *Constantinople*: These fatall Letters the great Turke useth to write with his owne hand, and to seale them himselfe, and so to role them up in black-silke; The

summe

ſumme alwayes of theſe Letters is; *Mitte mihi tuum caput.* (*i.e.*) ſend to me your Head; which was effected ſpeedily.

Marke now ſeriouſly: whoſoever thou art, King or Kæſar, when as the Grand Ruler of heaven and earth ſends to thee his black letters by Death his meſſenger, thou canſt not reſiſt nor plead excuſe, thou mayeſt not: to entreat will not availe thee, fly or eſcape thou canſt not: it is determined above. Doe thus then, and make a vertue of neceſſitie: what thou muſt doe by force, doe willingly, ſend thy head and thy heart too, not to a Tyrant, but to a Father, not to a man, but to God. Be not thou onely commanded to ſet thy houſe in order and dye, but willingly ſurrender thy ſelfe, for why ſhould it not agree with thy will, when againſt thy will it muſt be, it is of neceſſitie to yeeld, it is of vertue and grace to reſigne willingly.

§. 28.

That each day is to be regarded, and warily observed.

MVsonius speakes it, that wee cannot spend the day as we ought, unlesse wee determine to use it, as if it were our last: It is wholesome counsell which Saint *Austine* affords us: Our last day we know not, because wee should look well to every day. God hath wisely appointed the day of our death to be uncertaine, that wee should not be at any time secure, and that every one should reckon this present time, his last; but if you say, it is a melancholy thought to be poring and considering upon death, and that it is the onely way to bring on death, you are mistaken much; A wise man will thinke with contentednesse of death, no otherwise than an understanding Mariner will thinke of winds and waves as his ship sailes, as meanes to bring him into

Tom. 10 Lib. 50. Homil. 13 initio.

to his Harbour; and yet the very thought doth not bring him thither. This is all our folly and errour, wee will be toſt amongſt waves, and floods, and yet wee feare to goe, whither by nature and reaſon we are led. Nature dictates this to us:

One ſteerſ-man guides us all,
At our riſing, or our fall.

And for Reaſon, who, that is endued with it will deny? What toſſings, turmoylings, cares, diſtractions, miſeries, dolors of body and mind, are not here? Behold an end of them, why feareſt thou? behold the haven, why entreſt thou not in? but indeed as men in priſon would faine come forth, and might but for the Keeper, who locks them faſt in; So mightſt thou, but for thy Jaylor; the love of this vaine life. He is to be diſmiſs'd, and as thou art able, ſo muſt thou often conſider of that, which thou muſt once undergoe. And becauſe thy laſt day is uncertain and unknown, ſuſpect every one for it: rely upon none

securely, by this course thy spirit will be more full of courage, thy life will bee more conformable, and thy departure more comfortable, for what can terrifie, or disturbe him? to whom

The Prince of feares,
with joy appeares.

A secret sudden wound is most terrible, a meditated death layes us downe gently and joyfully.

---

§. 29.
The Seat Royall of all our pride, is our Beere.

Gen c. 13. *toti.* Heb. 11. ABraham that great Patriarch, when by Gods command, He went travelling up and downe, he desired nothing more, then to find a place to rest in, and for the purchasing so much ground as would serve him for a place of buriall. This hee desired to have his owne, that he might possesse it, and wholly enjoy it. Hence he without any delay paid to the seller all the money which hee asked

ked for it, without any deduction, of good and currant money, nor would it ſuffice him to have it publickly paſs'd over to him, but withall he would that all the Inhabitants ſhould be witneſſes for his buying it. By which matter the pious man ſhowed, that a mans grave or Sepulchre is truly his owne, which he might rather than any thing elſe call his properly. By the example of *Abraham*, Every good man will chiefly care for to have a Sepulchre at the time of his diſſolution; other houſes and lands, and poſſeſſions, want no chapmen, few men purchaſe after this manner, however, the grave is a ſure and a quiet poſſeſſion.

Maximilianus the firſt Emperour of the *Auſtrian* Family, three yeares before his death, commanded his Coffin to bee made of Oke, and to be put into a great Cheſt, which was carried with him, in his Marches and travels, and provided by his Will, that his dead body wrapped in a linnen cloth

cloth should bee lay'd therein, without any embalming, onely his nostrils, mouth, and eares, to be stopped with lime or chalke; what meant this great Monarch? onely that having such a Monument of Mortality before him, hee should say; Remember thou must die; And that he might daily say; Why doest thou, oh my soule, so enlarge thy thoughts? why doest thou possesse so much? why gapest thou still after more? whom so many Provinces and Kingdomes could not hold, this little Cabinet must include? and why thinke you he desired to have lime and chalke for his nostrils, mouth and eares? behold the costly Odours and Unguents in which he would be laid downe! Oh *Maximilian*, great once thou wert! and thy actions, and these very things at thy death speake the same.

Baron. Tom. 3. An. 326. n. 96. What shall I speake of the Coffin of *Ablavius*, which was a Præfect, and a great Prince amongst other of *Constantine* the Great his Courtiers, an insatiable devourer of

of gold, who meditated more of gold, than his grave, or heaven. *Constantine* on a time taking him by the hand spake thus unto him, How long, how long, said he, shall we heape together wealth of this kind; And as hee had spoke the words, with a Speare which hee held in his hand, he drew the description of a Coffin on the ground; Hadst thou (said hee) a world full of such treasure, yet after thy death thou shalt not have a greater place than this, perhaps lesse then this forme which I have drawne out; *Constantine* in this prov'd a Prophet, for this *Ablavius* was cut in small peeces, so that there was nothing left of him to put into a Sepulchre.

Charles the fift, Emperour of *Germany*, did imitate *Maximilian* who I named ere-while, long before his death he sequestred himself from administring the affaires of the Empire; and having transferr'd the government and management of it to his Sonne, who was able for his yeares, and of judgement

sufficient

ſufficient, hee himſelfe went into *Spaine* with 12. followers onely, into the Monaſtery of St. *Juſtus*, to give himſelfe wholly to Gods ſervice, and forbade any to call him by any other name or title, then *Charles* onely, putting farre off the title of *Cæſar Auguſtus* with the Imployment, and contemned all honours whatſoever. And moreover it is regiſtred of him, that before he relinquiſh'd the Empire, he commanded his Tombe to be made, with all furniture belonging to his buriall, and had it carried with him whitherſoever he went, but privately. Hee had this funebrious accouterements five yeares with him, whereſoever he was; I, even when he went to *Millaine* againſt the *French*, and had it diligently every night placed in his bed-chamber. Some that were about his Perſon, thought that therein hee kept his treaſure, others judged that in it he kept ſome rare books, containing ſome ancient Hiſtorys; Others thought there was ſome great

great matter in it: but he himſelfe knowing for what purpoſe he carried it, would ſmiling ſay: He carried it about for the uſe of ſomething which was deare unto him. So did this *Charles* daily meditate of death, that at every night, he ſhould ſay, *Vixi*, I have lived; and ſo every morning riſe with profit and comfort.

Many others have piouſly imitated this Emperour, that for long time together have carried their Coffins, the monuments of their death, with them for contemplation. *Genebaldus*, for ſeven whole yeares together, had his bed made like a Coffine, in which for that ſpace he lived auſterely, and exerciſed himſelfe in Mortification. *Zach. Lipol. tom. 3. in vit. S. Re. 1. Octob.*

There was one *Ida*, a woman famous for holineſſe, which had likewiſe her Coffin made long before her death, which ſhe filled twice a day with food and nouriſhment, and ſo often diſtributed it to the poore liberally: The ſtudy of piety, is the preparatory for death; *Idem. tom. 3. in vita. S. Idæ. 4 Sept. Hier. Epiſt. 103.*

death; No death pollutes a vertuous ſoule, he will eaſily deſpiſe all earthly things, who hath his thoughts fixed upon his diſſolution.

---

§ 30.
What our life is?

IT is as a flower, as ſmoake, as a ſhadow, and as the ſhadow of a ſhadow; It is a Bubble, Duſt, froth: It is as deaw, as a drop, as brittle ice; As the Raine-bow, a blazing Taper, a bag full of holes; A ruinous houſe, deceitfull aſhes, a ſpring-day, a conſtant Aprill; as a daſh in muſick, a broken veſſell; As a bucket for a Wel, a Spiders web; As a drop to the Ocean, weake ſtubble; A Summers herbe, a ſhort Fable, a flying ſparkle: A darke cloud, a bladder full of wind; as a little Dove a taking her flight, a brittle Glaſſe, a fading Leafe, a fine weake thred, a *Sodomes* Apple, &c. And if a ſhadow bee nothing, tellme what is the dreame of

of a ſhadow? wee may make ſixe hundred thouſand of ſuch ſimilitudes of frailty and inconſtancy, and all like to mans life; Me thinkes of all others he ſpake wittily that calls it, a very ſhort dreame of a ſhadow, in briefe, let us ſee what life is? it is as one hath deſcribed it in this diſtich.

Somnus, umbra, vitrum, glacies,
flos, fabula, ſcænum.
Vmbra, cinis, punctum, vox, ſonus,
aura, nihil.
(*i. e.*)
Life's like a dreame, a bubble, ice,
or glaſſe,
Like fading flowers, vaine fables,
with'ring graſſe.
It is a ſhadow, duſt, a point, a
voice, a ſound,
It's empty ayre; well look'd too,
Nothing found.

Ah wretches! how ſeeme we to heape up wealth, to get honours, to follow and hunt after pleaſures? when all theſe are as ſoone vaniſhed as our ſelves. Any of theſe, all of them are but as a dreame, and how ſhort and vaine

is.

Psal. 76. 5. is that! true is that saying of the Psalmist, the proud are robbed, they have slept their sleepe, and all the men whose hands are mighty have found nothing, they dreamt that they were mighty and rich; but what have they retain'd or kept of all they gaped after, or hoped for? these are but meere dreames and fancies indeed: and wakening they shall find their losse, and grieve in their punishment.

What therefore is life? I will declare it compendiously: the time, and length of our life, is a point, our nature is inconstancy, our senses are obscurity; Our whole body is but a rotting Concretion, our mind vagrant; Honours are but smoke; Riches are thornes; Pleasures are poysons. And that I may summe up all in word; All things belonging to the body, are but a passing streame; all the minds endowments are emptinesse; our life is a warre; the lodging of a traveller in a

strange

ſtrange City, the ſhop of all miſeries, and our fame after death, is but oblivion: *Auſonius* delivevers this well unto us;

Miremur periiſſe homines? momenta fatiſcunt; Epigr. 3.
Mors etiam ſaxis, nominibuſq; venit.

(*i.e.*)

Men being as moments (no wonder) though they're gone;
Death makes our names to faile, and Marble-ſtone.

It's a vertue to conſummate our life before death knocks at our doores.

---

§. 31.
That our life is a play.

OUr life is a Comedy, we the ſtage-players, one acts a King, another a Beggar, a third a Prince, another a Phyſitian, another a Clowne; What part is impoſed upon us we muſt performe, we get no Plaudite unleſſe we act well: Well ſaid *Epictetus*, Thou Ench. c. 23

art

art called upon the Stage, it makes not what part thou performeſt, ſo thou doeſt it well.

Suetonius reports of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, that at the end of his life, he asked his friends that were about him, if he had play'd his part well or not? They anſwered him, yes; why doe ye not then (ſaid the Emperour) afford me a Plaudite?

Sueton. in Aug. 99.

Seneca well ſpake, of the life of man compared to a Play; I will often practiſe my part, leſt for want of uſe, I grow unskilfull, and ſo get diſcredit and ſhame.

Epiſt. 80. in Med.

Laertius in *Zeno* ſaith, that a wiſe man is like a Player: that whether he acts *Therſites* or *Agamemnon*, he ſhould ſtrive to performe both with diligence.

Wee are therefore to attend not ſo much what wee are, but what wee ſhall bee, when wee ſhall have layd downe our perſons, and put of our Vizards, nor matters it when wee perform'd our parts, onely if we did them with diſcretion.

§. 32.

§ 32.
The Type of Humane life.

Barlaam, an old man, declaring to King *Iosaphat* the deceitfull joyes of Humane life, described them to him after this manner; A certain man fled from a Unicorn, which is a fierce cruell beast: in his flight he rush'd suddenly into a deepe pit, but in his fall, his hands being stretch'd forth, he caught hold of a tree, and by that meanes stopt his fall, while hee was in the tree, he contemn'd the danger he was escap'd from; but he saw two mice, the one was blacke, the other white, these two lay gnawing the roote of the tree, and had almost bit it in peeces; then, he casting his eyes about espyed beneath him a wondrous deepe ditch, and in it was a terrible Dragon threatning death to him, if he fell; and while he was looking about to save himselfe from dangers, hee spyed

Iohannes Damascen. Hist. de his, c. 13. ad finem.

spyed the heads of foure great venemous Serpents, lying forth out of the sides of the ditch, yet hee neglecting all these dangers, hee lift up his eyes, and beheld some Honey dropping from a tree, wherefore he supposing himselfe secure, forgetting the Unicorne that followed him, the Dragon that threatned him, the Mice that gnawed the roots of the tree, the Serpents that waited him, and the sudden fall of that tree, hee greedily licked in the Honey, and these things (said *Barlaam*) doe set forth the folly of our lives: and thus he explained it;

The Unicorne resembles Death, which doth pursue all mankind eagerly; The Ditch is this world, which is stored with all sorts of miseries; The Tree which he caught hold on, is this life terminated within certaine bounds; The two Mice are the night and the day, which eat up the root of the tree by little and little: The foure Serpents are the foure Elements, who if they be out of order, or molested,

moleſted, Death enſues; That great and terrible Dragon, deſignes the fiery Serpent the divel, who goes about, ſeeking whom he may devoure; The drops of Honey, which the man ſo eagerly deſited to taſt of, are the enticing pleaſures, and the rotten baites of ſinnes, being once overcome with the alluring pleaſures and deceitfull luſts, man neither fears the ſudden fall into Hell, nor ever mindes the joyes of Heaven, but deſires to periſh in the gulph of theſe ſenſuall delights: this was *Barlaams* explication to *Joſaphat*. Oh how true! moſt true is all this! if we be wiſe, let us remember our ends, for from every moment of time depends eternity.

---

§. 33.

The Prologue, Narration, and Epilogue of mans life.

THe Prologue of humane life, is to be borne; the Narration, is to grieve; the Epilogue is to

to die. The Appendixes of these three are grones, and teares, or joy, which is worse than weeping. *Seneca* saith excellently: goe too (saith he) looke circumspectly upon all men, and you shall have cause and matter enough to weep; Poverty and exigency, and extreame necessity, calls one forth to his toylsome labour, another is vainly sweld, and puft up with Ambition, another feares in the middest of his wealth, a fourth is vexed with care, some are weakned with sickenesse and diseases, others are turmoyling in great businesses, and are troubled with the confluence of Clyents; this man grieves that hee hath children, a second that he hath lost them, a third because he never had them. We shall weepe our selves empty of teares, before we shall want objects for them. Seest thou not what a life Nature promises us? whose entrance, progresse, and egresse, is but a vicissitude of sorrows, and an entercourse of miseries and teares; in these we begin

Consol. ad Polyb. 6.23.

gin our life, with these we go on, and with abundance of teares, and wailings wee goe out.

A great part of our life is spent in doing evill, a great deale spent and consum'd in doing nothing, and a great part of it wasted in doing other things, not the maine. Who is he that so prizeth a day, as though he should never have any more? Hence is it that we carelessly forget things past, neglect things present, doe not fore-see things to come. Well, when it is come to the upshot, then, then shall we with griefe and sorrow know and understand, that what time was spent in sinne and idlenesse, to be utterly lost; Let us therefore walke circumspectly, and lay hold on all times and opportunities for our betterment. Let us judge each houre our dying houre. By this meanes we shall so order our lives, that we shall not be afraid to die, for while our life seemes to be prolonged, it fleets and passes away.

§. 34.

§. 34.
That the longest life is but short at the best.

Epist. 77. in fine. MOst truly said *Seneca*, no mans life but is short. For if we respect the nature of things even *Nestors* and *Statilia's* were but short, who commanded this to be inscribed on her tombe, that shee lived 99. yeares; behold the vaine boasting of an old woman: what would she have beene, had she lived an hundred!

As (it is in the Fables) the golden Flour-amour, or the Amaranthus, was planted next to the Rose, and said to the Rose thus; O what a comely flower the Rose is! O how beautifull! how amiable! I doe take thee for a blessed flower, for thy sweetnesse, colour, and comelinesse: Oh thou Queene of Flowers! To whom the Rose replied; I doe indeed, oh Amaranthus, excell in splendor and sweetnesse, but my time of flourishing

is but short, and though no hand should offer violence to mee, yet I doe soon wither of my self: but thou art happy, for thou alwayes doest flourish, never diest: I had rather have lesse beauty, and longer life. Mans life is emblematiz'd in this Rose, short and fading; and though no violence be offered to him, yet he fals of his owne accord into the grave. The Prince of Physicians said well, *Arts are long and durable, but life is short.* Wee have but a little, and we spend a great deal of that little in luxury and idleneſſe. O improvident Mortals, the body wee carry about us is not our dwelling, but our *Inne*, it must be left, when once the Master is weary of our company. Therefore, ô my good Christian! hasten to live holily, and thinke every day an entrance into a new life. Who so fits himselfe this way, shall meet death with comfort. That man never died ill, who lived well.

Hippoc. initio Aphor.

§ 35.

That Procraſtination is the greateſt damage and blemiſh to our lives.

WE put off any thing but wickedneſſe, that not onely takes up the preſent dayꝰ, but is likewiſe promiſed the morrow. In ſin wee are prompt actors, in other things uſuall promiſers and faitſpeakers: then wee uſe to ſay, to morrow it ſhall be done or next week, or next yeere without delay; ſo doe dayes, moneths, and yeeres ſlide away; while we onely delay, and promiſe, but performe not. *Seneca* ſpeaks admirably in this point. *Many ſhall yee heare* (ſaith hee) *who ſay at fifty I will take mine eaſe, the ſixtieth yeer ſhall diſcharge me from all encumbrances. and what ſurety elſe deſireſt thou of a longer life?* but who will ſuffer things to goe at thy diſpoſing? Bluſheſt not thou to reſerve the re-

Lib. de Brev. vit. c. 4.

refuse, and the dregs of thy rotten yeeres to God? and to destinate onely that time for his service, which thou art not able to manage in any other manner? It is too late then to begin to live, when it is time to leave off work. What sensleſneſſe is it to refuse to follow good counsell, till a man comes to fifty or sixty yeeres of age? and to resolve there to begin to live, where most leave off?

Sigismund the Second, King of *Poland* for his delayings and slothfulneſſe in matters of weighty consequence, was called *Rex Crastinus*: the delaying King, such sure are we, though wee know not that wee shall be to morrow, yet we hazard the mainer work upon such uncertaine probabilities. Wee put off all; most willingly would wee, if wee could, put off death too. But death's buſineſſe admits of no delay, nor putting off; when Death knocks, the bars must speedily open. Therefore as the Proverbe saith, The onely

way to be long an old man, is to be such an one betimes. The King of *Macedon* obtained such glorious Conquests by being speedy upon his actions. Wee lose the best, nay, all by deferring and delaying. *Chrysologus* said well. Most men put off to do well, untill death debar them of time.

Ser. 125. Med.

Wee come to death by degrees, as men who sleep walking. The first day wee put off good duties, the second day wee doe them slightly, the third day wee forget them, on the fourth we are not able to performe them.

O Mortals! to morrows life is too late, learn to live to day: give earnest to day: grieve to day for your sins. For who (except your owne conceits) hath promised you the morrow? that which may be, ought to bee done to day, why should it be procrastinated to that which yet is not? may perhaps not be time? or if it be perhaps not thine? to deferre good actions hath always prov'd dangerous.

Deferrings are obnoxious to our lives,
You seldome see the slothfull man that thrives. Pumb.

Let us make haſt therefore, and let us but ſeriouſly thinke how ſpeedily wee would foot it, if wee were ſure there was a deſtroying Enemy behind us. Wee would ſtrive to be formoſt that we might be furthermoſt from our purſuers. It is ſo, we are followed cloſe; to haſten is to eſcape, ſo ſhall wee enter into eternall reſt: It is the greateſt comfort againſt deaths approach to have done all our worke before he comes to call for us.

To

To the Sick.

A Winter's at hand: leaves fall: Death
'gins to snatch
His Ax and spies thy Glasse spent:
Sick man watch.

B What th' Presse to Grapes, that Sickness
Lies to thee,
If thou be ripe, as Grapes in Autumne be.

C The stamping Hern oft gores her
towring Foe:
So outward grief oft frees from
inward woe.

D Sickness lays men along, as hail doth corn
Better fall well then stand with shame and
scorn.

E Just now 'twas cloudy; now Sol shews
his face,
Now clouds again. This is the Sick mans
case.

F To scape the Scorpions sting, and th' Archers dart,
Sickness and Death) I know no meanes, no
art.

G A Sick man's like an Horse plunging in
sturdy waves,
Who knows if th' one shall scape the flood or
the other the grave?

§ 36.

Deaths haunt.

William the third, Duke of *Bauaria*, a Patron of the poore, and Protector of all religious and godly men, being dead; though all men should have held their peace, yet the eryes and teares of the poore lamenting his losse, would have been sufficient Trumpets to have blazon'd his Princely worth: this prayse-worthy Prince (I say) when he He returned from the Councell of *Basil*, where he, in the place of the Emperour sate chiefe; returning to *Munchen*, dreamed such a dreame, as this following.

Hee seem'd to see a lusty great Stag, which carried upon one horne little bels, and upon the other divers wax Tapers and Torches lighted, there was a nimble Huntsman, and a pack of hounds, who withall swiftnesse and eager-

neſſe had this Stag in chaſe, at the laſt the Stag, having no other way leapt into the Churchyard, in which there was a Grave made for a Mans buriall which was open, into which the Stag fell, and there was taken and killed: at the ſight of this, the Prince wakened, and was wondrous deſirous to know what this Dreame ſhould mean, on the next day, he told it to his Lords, and this Dreame was variouſly interpreted, which, when Duke *William* had heard, preſently replyed, I am (ſaid he) this great Stag, which Death ſo eagerly hunts, and will ſhortly and ſpeedily take me, and end my days, and I will be buried in that Church. All things were ordered accordingly, and theſe preſages had their events anſwerable. For in ſhort ſpace after, this worthy Prince did yield to Death, and commended his ſoule to God piouſly, and was there interr'd, where hee deſired. A good Death is the introduction to a bleſſed Eternity.

§ 37.

Why, though wee daily see Spectators of Burials, yet we doe not meditate on Death?

The Devill being skilfull in the perspective art, useth this cunning policy, that those things which are furthest off, hee makes them seem neer unto us, and those which are neer unto us, he makes seem a great way distant from us. Thus he represents Death to us, that though it be so neere us, that it is ready to lay hold on us, yet it appeares a great way off, hence in a vaine security wee promise to our selves many yeares, and put the evill day far from us to our great disadvantage. Hence is it that wee looke upon other mens Burials, as though ours were not to be this long time, and though we are decaying daily, yet for all that, we fancy an eternity to our own soules.

Sir *Thomas Moore*, our Countriman, leſt any age ſhould promiſe him a long life, and ſo worke ſecurity in him, exerciſed the thoughts of Death in himſelfe by this fit ſimilitude: As man (ſaith he) who is led from priſon to the place of execution, though hee be led about, and ſeems to go ſlowly, yet he feares Death, and is as ſure of it, as he that goes a neerer way; and though his legs be ſtrong, his eyes quick-ſighted, his heart luſty, though his ſtomacke be able for digeſtion; yet this one thought turns all into bitter neſſe, that hee is in the way to a certaine execution. And what man is not a priſoner in this kind? we are all going on towards our long home: we are all in the way, and parted but by ſmall diſtances, thoſe which are dead have not ſo much left us, onely they are gone before; but perhaps thou mayſt ſay, I am healthy and luſty, and finde not, nor feele any the leaſt ſence of ſickneſſe, nor apprehenſion of Death; well! flatter thy ſelfe if thou

thou wilt, for certain thou art in the way: and wee all are in the way with thee. But thou mayst say, thou art not yet thirty years old, what then? thou wast in the way at twenty, at ten, at five, at three, nay, even at the first yeare, and in the first houre: goe on perhaps thou mayst a little further, but thou wilt shortly come to thy end. but yet thou wilt say, thy sleepe is sound, thy meat and drinke doe excellently well relish and digest. Oh fond man! Death regards not such things. Wee are in the way, looke to thy selfe, presently thou wilt perceive the place of execution, thou art led on; there's but a little time for thee to breath in; shortly shall all thy pompe, luxury, and strength expire as well as thy selfe, all our life is but the pathway to death.

That Death may happy be, to live learn I:
That life may happy be, I'le learne to die.

§. 38.

To day for mee, to morrow for thee.

Delrii. adag. Tom. 2. p. 576.

FRancis the first, King of *France*: being taken by *Charles* the fifth, comming to *Madrid* upon a wall he read the Motto of *Charles*, which was *Plus ultra*, *Still further*: and writ under it, *Mine to day, yours to morrow.* The Conquerour was not offended, nor angry, but gave notice that hee understood the meaning, for hee writ this in answer to it, I am but a Man, and know my selfe subject to mortalitie.

Hodie mihi cras tibi.

Elegantly spoke *Greg. Nazianzen*: *My head* (saith he) *begins to be an Almond tree flourishing, and therefore my Summer of Age is neer: the Sickle is made sharp for work, all my feare is, lest that terrible Mower should crop me off, and cut me downe while I sleepe securely, and am not ready for his stroke.* But thou mayst say,

say, Old men indeed may feare, but I am yong and green: be not thou deceived, Death is not limited to any certaine age. The same Bier to day may carry an old carcasse, to morrow a yong one, to day a strong able man, to morrow a yong Virgin, or a Child. *Seneca* speaks to the purpose: *Death* (saith he) *stands at the door of a yong man, as well as at the threshold of an aged man*; for all men are registred and inrolled in Deaths Records: all must pay their tributes when Death cals forth, all must goe out, no exemption from his Edict. This is the last warning and admonishment that dying men groan forth, *To day for me, too morrow for thee*, and this is the Graves sentence, I fell yesterday, thou mayst this day. Remember Death! Oh remember Eternitie; which thou mayst either to day or to morrow begin but never End.

§. 28.

If to morrow, why not to day?

THere is a Chaine, and that a weighty one, that holds us bound fast, to wit, the *Love of this Life*, which as it is not to be utterly cast off, yet it is daily to be weakned, and the vigour of it abated: that when it shall be required at our hands to surrender nothing may withhold us, but that we be ready presently to doe that, which at one time or other must be performed.

Saint *Augustine* the Bishop of *Hippo*, went on a time to visit another great Prelate and Father of the Church, lying very sick, and at the point of Death, who had been formerly his familiar friend, at Saint *Augustines* comming, the sick man lift up his hand and said, that he was departing this world and going into Heaven; Saint *Augustine* replyed that the Church would

Possidonius in vita Aug. c. 27

would ſtand in great want of him and prayed that God would lend him a longer life. The ſicke man anſwered again, if he never could be well ſpared, but if at any time he ſhould depart, why not now?

The Death of all men is even and alike, but the wayes by which it comes, are divers, one dyes at ſupper, another in his ſleepe, a third in the commiſſion of ſome ſin. One dyes by the ſword, another is drowned, a third is burned; ſo ne are poyſoned and ſtung to death by Serpents, others are kild by ſome fall, and ſome Conſumptions rid away: ſome are cut off in the flower and beauty of their age, ſome are deſtroyed in their ſwathling clothes, and ſome in their decrepit years: Others onely ſalute the World, and are gone. One mans end is commendable, anothers diſhonorable; but let Death come never ſo gently or favourably, yet it never comes without ſome horrour and affrightment.

But that which moſt of all eſtrangeth

ſtrangeth us from liking Death, is that wee know the things preſent and delights in them, but whither wee are paſſing by Death and what things wee ſhall behold in the bowels of the grave wee know not, and wee uſually tremble at the report of ſtrange ſights; therefore are our mindes to bee hardned with the daily exerciſe and meditation of eternity. Eternity (I ſay) is to be thought upon night and day, as he that will learn to endure hunger, muſt attaine to it by faſting by degrees; ſo the mind muſt be tranſited from tranſitory things, that ever will be expert in the ſtudy of Eternity. Let him every moment ſalute and imbrace the threſhold of Eternity, let this one be the onely ſquare of all his actions. I read, I write, I meditate, I watch, I ſpeak, I worke alwayes to Eternity. Hee that ever intends to triumph eternally, let his meditation be alwayes fixed, and ſetled upon it.

§. 40.

§ 40.

Death is ſuddain, yet comely.

AS *Palladius* the Biſhop of *Helenopole* teſtifies, *Cheremon* died ſitting as hee was at work, and well: Hee was found ſitting with his worke in his hand, onely hee was dead. Any kind of Death is credited by a vertuous life. *Hiſt. a. 92.*

Philemon, an ancient Writer of Comedies, as hee rehearſed his Comedies with *Menander* on the Stage, and ſtrove with him for the Bays, he was not in any thing reputed inferiour to him; He acted a part of a play, which he lately had made, and being come to the ſecond Scene of the ſecond Act, thinking in it to ſtirre up more delight and liking in the people, On a ſudden there fell ſuch a violent ſtorme that the people could not ſtand to heare him at that time. but he promiſed the people, that on the next day they ſhould heare it all finiſhed. So on the next day there was a mighty *Mod. Philoſ. in Florid. p. 579*

mighty company of people assembled, every one strove to place himselfe in the fittest seat either for sight or hearing: they that came something late beckned to their friends to make roome for them, they that came last were mainly streightened for room. The whole Theatre was cram'd with Auditors, and there was a wonderfull throng: their discourse was divers, some talked of what had bin acted the day before, others that knew not the former action came to behold the sequell. Nothing now was expected, but *Philemon*; well the time past on, yet no *Philemon* appeared, some blamed his stay, others excused it, but when as most did thinke they had stayed longer then was fit, and yet so no appearance of the actor, they sent some speedy Messengers to call him, but they that went found all their expectations frustrated, for *Philemon* was dead in his bed, and stiffe: and lay in his bed as if hee had bin meditating his part, with his hand on his

Book

Book; but his ſoule was fled out, and ſo his Auditory failed. The Meſſengers that entred were ſtruck at firſt with aſtoniſhment of this ſudden alteration. yet wondred much to ſee how comely hee was laid in his bed. Well, they returned to the people, and told them that *Philemon* who ſhould have acted a fained part, had acted at home a true Play: for hee had to all worldly things given his farewell and *Plaudite*. Whereupon divers did grieve and lament; the ſhowre the day before was now ſeconded with a ſhowre of teares, and the Comœdian was now turned Tragœdian.

If wee looke onely on our preſent life, then Death will be wiſhed for, and that man dyes well, who dyes without the feare of Death; but yet happier by far is he, that is found of Death ſo doing, and who dyes in his worke. So that Death it ſelf ſhal find him buſie. St. *Cyprian* the Martyr wiſht, that hee might be offered to God by Death, as he was in preaching: he

Hippo. 4. Septemb. p. 910.

he is worthy of prayse whom never the Devill or Death cuts off in their idleneſſe.

---

§ 41.

we muſt watch and pray.

Becauſe yee know not the time in which the Sonne of man will come. The Romans watched in their Armes, though ſometimes without their ſhield, becauſe they would have nothing to leane upon, becauſe they would prevent ſleep. Thou muſt watch oh man! and it is profitable to watch with the armour of God upon thy ſoule: the ardent prayers of Chriſtians are their Armour of proof. Hope of long life is the leaning ſtocke that too many ſleep upon. The uſual words of the *Romans*, when they watched were theſe. *Vigila*, *vigila*; *Mars vigila*, (i.e.) Watch, watch, oh ſouldier watch. By the uſuall termes they ſtirr'd up one another to watch. By the ſame words, (oh my ſoule) doth God incite thee to watch-

Marc 13. 33, 35, & 37.

watchfulneſſe. The very heaven it ſelf by his inceſſant motion, and conſtant courſe night and day adviſeth thee to rouze up thy ſelfe. Wilt thou grow deafe to ſuch a Lecturer, and give thy ſelfe to ſleep? heare *Chriſt* himſelfe ſaying, *watch, and pray*, as (Saint *Marke* teſtifies.) Chriſt at the end of one Sermon did thrice repeat this clauſe in theſe words, 1 *Goe to, watch and pray.* 2 Therefore watch and pray, for you know not when the *Lord* will come: in the Evening, or at Midnight, or at Cock-crowing, or in the Morning: Leſt if when he ſhould come ſuddenly, he ſhould find you ſleeping. 3 What therefore, I ſay to you, I ſay unto all, watch. S. *Matthew* often ſpeaks the ſame, *watch therefore for ye know not what houre the Lord will come.* And repeats it againe, *watch, therefore, for yee neither know the day, nor the houre.* And our Saviour inculcates the ſame at the Mount of Olives. *watch, and pray that yee enter not into tentation.* Hee publiſheth the ſame

Mat. 24. 42, 25. 13 & 26. 41.

Luke 21. 36.

same by Saint *Luke*, *watch, therefore and continue in prayer*, that same very word, *watch*, how often is it doubled by Saint *Paul*? all these as thunder-claps may serve to rowze up our drowzie souls. Wee are deafe, nay dead, if we startle not at all these quickning voyces. Who ever thou art, if thou hast bin lulled asleep in thy sins awaken, *Awake thou that sleepest, arise and stand up, and Christ shall give thee light.* Knowest thou that fatall blow of *Egypt*? in the middle of the night the destroying Angell smote all *Egypt*. Remember the Lot of the ten Virgins, There was at midnight a great cry made, and those Virgins which were ready, were admitted into the Bride-chamber; but those that slept were excluded: Canst thou but remember that gluttonous abusive servāt? Did not his Lord come in a time, that he looked not for, and in an houre that he dream't not off? Canst thou but consider that good Master of the Family? He watched at all houres, lest at any houre the Thief

Thief ſhould enter and ſpoyle his goods? Canſt thou, oh canſt thou but think on thy Saviour? Was not he borne in the middle of the night? The ſame, as many think, will about the ſame time come at the time of the generall judgment. Watch therefore, oh watch! and thinke every day to be thy *Exit* from hence.

---

§ 42.

Eight Verſes out of the Pſalmes of David, *ſelected by Saint* Bernard, *which he himſelf uſed for the time of* Death.

Conſider and heare me, (o Lord) my God lighten mine eyes: leſt I ſleep the ſleepe *of death.*

Leſt mine Enemies ſay, I have prevailed againſt him. Pſal. 13. 3, 4.

Into thine hand I commit my ſpirit: thou haſt redeemed mee, o Lord God of truth. Pſal. 31. 5.

Then ſpake I with my tongue, Lord make

make mee to know mine End and the measure of my days,

What it is: that I may know what time I have here. Psal 39 3,4.

Shew me a token for good, that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed: because thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted mee. Psal. 86 17.

Thou hast loosed my bonds, I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the Name of the Lord. Psal 116. 17.

Refuge failed mee: no man cared for my soul.

I cryed unto thee, ô Lord: I said, Thou art my refuge, and my portion in the land of the living. Psal. 142. 4,5.

A Prayer for an happy departure out of this life.

OAlmighty and Everlasting God, who didst give unto thy servant King *Ezechiah* length of days, when as hee in teares besought thy goodnesse. Grant I be-

beseech thee to mee thy unworthy servant: before my death such a space and time, in which I may heartily deplore and lament all my sins, and that for them all I may, by thy infinite mercies, find free pardon and forgiveness, that when I shall die, I may live with thee in life everlasting. *Amen.*

Almighty, mercifull, and kind Father, I do humbly entreat thee by the death of thy Son my Saviour Jesus Christ, to grant mee a quiet and blessed departure out of this miserable life; whensoever thou shalt please to call me hence.

Another for the same purpose.

Most mercifull Lord Jesus, knowing how great and grievous the paines of dying men are, and with what great discomforts the souls of such are in the Agony of death, Whither should I flee, but to thee, ô Lord my God? Deliver thou my soule that it neither faile, nor faint at that dreadful hour. Deal with me (I intreat thee ô Lord) according

to the multitude of thy never failing mercies: and according to that boundlesse love which made thee lay downe thy life for mee, who art life itselfe, grant that I may always have the houre of my dissolution before mee, that I may doe that while I am in health, which may give me comfort in the pangs of death: Let my whole care and study be to learn Mortification, and to subdue all my passions, and rebellious affections, so that I may live with thee in glory in thy heavenly Kingdome. *Amen.*

A Prayer that the Communion of the Body and bloud of Jesus Christ may be effectuall to his soule at the houre of Death, taken out of Hugo de S. Victore.

O Most sweet and loving Jesus, grant unto mee miserable sinner that my soul may be refreshed by thy most precious body and bloud:

bloud: that I may always speake of thy most glorious name. *Amen.*

Grant that I may always thinke eff and apply thy sufferings to my sick soul, that so I may be refreshed in the evill day. *Amen.*

Grant that I may always have a care to imitate thy holinesse, and obedience, thy patience and meeknesse, that so all my words, thoughts, and works may be sanctified. *Amen.*

Grant mee likewise, O sweet Jesus, a stedfast hope in thee, that though the outward man decay, yet the inward man which is created in holinesse may be strengthened, so that when I shall die thou mayst be my hope and my portion for ever. *Amen.*

The conclusion of the first Book to the Reader.

THus (deer) thus think, (o man) and while thou art in health prepare for sicknesse, and learne to die, either of them is of excel-

lent skill, and art; ignorance of both these may cast thy soule into utter destruction: if thou failest in the performance of these, thou deprivest thy self of that Eternity, which the Faithfull shall enjoy, never canst thou amend an errour past this way: this shall be punished with Eternity.

Whereso e always manage thy affaires, so as if thou wert at all times depar ing. Dwell most familiarly with thy selfe, and search daily all the secret passages of thy conscience, those things which thou hast about thee, esteeme of them as a Travellers Cloak-bag, but let them not be thy clog. Thou must carry no more out then thou broughtest in. Therefore be satisfied with little, and approve thy selfe to God. Thou must passe hence. Each moment think thou standest at the doore of Eternity. Thou must be gone. Eternity is alwayes at hand. Pleasures are short, punishments are without end. The labour is but little, the reward everlasting.

These

These are the instructions wee have prescribed to healthy and able men. Wee admonish them not to feare death, yet never to lay down the thought of it. So now we proceed to instruct the sick, and weak.

The

To the Sick.

A Winter's at hand: leaves fall: Death gins to snatch
His Ax and spies thy Glasse spent: Sick man watch.

B What th' Presse to Grapes, that Sickness is to thee;
If thou be ripe, as Grapes in Autumne be.

C The stouping Hern oft gores her towring Foe:
So outward grief oft frees from inward woe.

D Sicknes lays men along, as hail doth corn,
Better fall well then stand with shame and scorn.

E Just now 'twas cloudy; now Sol shews his face,
Now clouds again. This is the Sick mans case.

F To scape the Scorpions sting, and th' Archers dart,
Sicknes and Death) I know no meanes, no art.

G A Sick man's like an Horse plunging in sturdy waves,
Who knows if th' one shall scape the floods the other the grave?

The

The second Book.

§. 1.

The remembrance of Death is commended to the Sick,

wherein is contained, an Introduction to the following Discourse, and whither sickn sse be evill or not?

Aunus is a Town in *Caria*, situated in a pestilent ayre, and infectious to the inhabitāts. Which place when a merry conceited fellow called *Stratonicus* a Musician beheld, hee

Iliad. 6. presently rehearsed that Verse in *Homer*.

Men like to falling leaves are found,
But green ere-while, now fall'n to ground.

He taunted their pale and wanne countenances, but when they of that place had afforded him but course entertainment because hee had disparaged their City; Hee wittily againe told them, Indeed I cannot fitly terme your towne sickly or diseased, where I behold so many dead men walking: this was more pleasant and smart then the former.

But why deny we it, or why are we lift up with pride? when indeed wee are but leaves, *Iob* speaks it plainly: *wilt thou* (saith he) *break a leafe driven to and fro?* as if hee had said: I being but a leafe subject to all inconveniences, which feare all storms and winds, which tremble and am blowne with one blast farre away. Doe not, ô doe not (ô God speedily make an end

Iob 13. 25.

of

of me in thy fury; Thou knoweſt that I ſhall at once fall of my ſelf. Are not men truly to be compared to leaves, when as their inſtabilitie exceeds and out ſtrips them? May they not have this title added deſervingly, ſeeing that diſeaſes & ſickneſſes of ſeverall ſorts doe interchangably drive them to ruine? Thus did *Clemens Alexandrinus* judge. Go to (ſaith he) ô men of an obſcure and fraile life, like to the generation of leaves. Weake, a workmanſhip as wax, like to ſhadow. Vaine, fleeting, having a life of a dayes continuance. Certainly we are leaves, and no better when as one little fit of a Feaver diſtempers, alters, weakens, endangers us. What ſaid I a fit of a Feaver? nay, a little Cough, a Crum of bread, a Drop of water are able to effect our ruines. But what is not health good, and ſickneſſe evill? no, ô man, if you will credit *Epictetus*! What then? it is good to uſe health well: it is ill if uſed ill. It is poſſible by ſickneſſe to gather fruits meet for thy

God: nay, is it not to be done likewise by death it self: what thinkest thou of sicknesses? I will shew thee his nature, I will grow better by it, I will be quiet under it, I will think my self well dealt with all, I will not flatter with my Physician, nor will I wish for death. What wouldest thou more? What is given to me, I will account it happy, prosperous, honorable, desirable. But some may deny this, and say, take heed of sickness, it is ill to be under it: to whom *Epictetus* answers judiciously. It is all one, as if one should say and faigne to make three to be foure. It is no ill, if I rightly esteem of it, it cannot then hurt me, but rather profit mee. So the like use may be made of poverty, sickness, war. May not a man gather benefit by any, by all of these? the same I may say of Death, is it not my appointed Steeresman into rest? Is it not the Messenger that opens the gate to Eternity? is not Death that which takes off all our burthens, and easeth us from labour, from misery? Let

Let Truth honour thee *Epictetus*, how true are all these, and squaring with the Law of Christianity? This foundation being laid, we shal learn to remember Deaths Agony, and not to be affrighted at his comming.

But (oh my Reader) I would have thee know that these Documents were not onely written for thy use in the time of thy sicknes, but I would have thee read these in the time of thy health, that they may stand thee in some stead when thou shalt be visited with sickneſſe.

---

§ 42.

The sickman speaks to his friends, to the Disease, to the entrance into Death it selfe, to Christ our Lord.

DEpart (I pray you) as unseasonable with your vaine and fruitlesse mourning. Here is no place either for Complaints or Pe-

Petitions. You may thinke I goe from you to ſoon. Too ſoon? look, that you bee not deceived. I was fit for Death's ſicle, as ſoone as I was born: nay, before I was born. Why ſhould I complaine? I know what I was born. Was I not a weak frail body? Caſt forth to corrumelies, the food of Diſeaſes, Deaths object? whoſoever thou art take hopes to thee, or undergo thy burthen, perhaps thou mayeſt be dejected to morrow, or it no, remov'd from hence.

To the diſeaſe.

AND is Deaths Harbinger approach'd? muſt I now lie under ſickneſſe? the time is now come, I muſt put my ſelfe to the triall: Valour is not onely ſeene in a ſtorme, or in a battaile; Courage may be tried upon a pillow in a bed of affliction. I muſt be ſick therefore; It cannot be avoi-

always

ded. Well; I ſhall either end my Feaver, or it me. Wee cannot be always together. Hitherto I have onely trafficked with health, now I muſt exchange ſome time with my diſeaſe. Saint *Gregory* tels it to me, piouſly and truly. The Lord (ſaith he) knocks, when hee ſignifies to us that death is neere us by troubleous ſickneſſes, to whom we readily open, if wee receive with comfort his chaſtizements. *Homil. 13 in Evang.*

Some relations may cauſe mee to give admittance to this ſerious Embaſſadour.

It is reported of a certaine old man; who lay grievous ſick, and when as Death made an approach to take him away, the ſick old man entreated Death to forbeare his blow a little while, untill he could make his Will, and ſet things in readines for ſo long a journey. To whom Death replyed, O crooked old man! couldſt thou not prepare thy ſelfe in ſo many years? being ſo often warn'd by me? to whom the old man ſaid again,

again, I beseech thee lend me thy faith, for I doe not remember that ever thou didst admonish me; but Death answer'd briefly, then I perceive that old men will lie; An hundred, six hundred, a thousand warnings hast thou had from mee, when I daily in thy sight, to thy griefe, not onely tooke away thy equals (of which for years there are few left) but also before thy eyes young men, and little infants. Nay, I will appeale to thy own soul (forgetfull old man) didst thou want admonishments, when thy eyes grew dim, thy haires wax'd white, were fine off, thy nose lost its smell, thy eares grew deafe, and all thy other sences and members grew defective in their performances? and thy whole body languish'd & wasted? these, all these were Messengers from me, and shoul. have been as so many warning pieces to prepare thee to march on. These all have knock'd at thy doors, though thou wouldst not acknowledge thy selfe to be within. Often enough

nough, and long enough hast thou bin admonish'd, I stay not: Come away and enter the Dance of Death now presently. He seldome prepares himselfe well, which prepares so extraordinary late.

To his Death-bringing sicknesse.

WHen I meditate on my life, & consider the multitude of my sins and the smalnesse of my good duties. Alas, alas! oh my God how am I straitned? and how am I beset and encompassed with sorrow? but it is better to fall into the Hands of the Lord, (for great are his mercies and his compassions faile not); then that I should adde more days to my years, and more sin to my days. What an one I would have prov'd thou onely (ô Lord) knoweſt. Perhaps I might have Apostated, and faine from life. Since (ô death) thou art present, doe thy message unto me, rid mee from misery and the malice of men. I am ready and wil-

willing to part with life. onely let me retaine thy Grace (ô Lord) or rather let it preserve me, which I doe earnestly with all my heart beg of thee (ô sweet *Iesus Christ*, and through thee. *Amen*.

To Death it selfe.

Death, why in so long wastings dost thou like?
what needs there such great charge? I doe yield, strike
what need'st thou empty all thy quivers? when
One blast will drive, one puffe will stroy most men.

For indeed what is man? but a tossed and leaking ship, which one lusty wave sends to the bottome. There needs no furious charge of tempests, whereseever thou (ô Death) placest thy murthering Ram, it will force passage. Mans bodie is wove up of weake, and fluid materials; glistering in outward lineaments, impatient of heat

heat, cold; or travail: of it's own inclination apt to languiſhments, gathering corruption even from his ſuſtentation; ſometimes hurt by want, ſometimes by exceſſe, his nutriment wants not diſcommodity, a brittle piece of mortalitie preſerv'd and upheld with griefe and anxietie: holding his very ſpirit and breath at anothers diſpoſing, which eaſily departs, full of innumerable diſeaſes, and though he ſhould want diſeaſes to ruine him, yet of his own accord he would fall, periſh, and deſcend to Death. Can wee wonder to ſee that die, in which Death is fed and nouriſh'd, and hath a thouſand places to enter & poſſeſſe? and if man doth fall, is it any ſuch remarkable loſſe? his very ſmell and taſte, his wearineſſe and watching, his humours, and food without which he cannot live, are all mortiferous and deadly.

To Iesus Christ.

I would not Death but life, but seeks it right
(O Christ) who in thy love departs to light.

I am not afraid with them, whom thou speakest of in wrath God, &c. I will follow thee (O loving Saviour) with will, with delight: and what should I doe else, when as thou thy self calleſt me to come and approach neerer? *to be dissolv'd and to be with Christ is much the better.* This is the height of my desires, for *Christ is to mee both in life and death advantage.*

1 Phil 1. 23.

§ 3.

Not always sweet things.

IN times past (as *Pliny* reports) on the *Latines* solemne dayes when as they strove for victory in their Chariots in the *Capitoll*, Who conquered drunke Wormwood: be thou

willing to take downe a cup
is bitter drinke that thou
conquer.

Scarce deserves to tast the sweet.
with the sowre did never meet.

---

§ 4.

ontemne Death is Christian valour.

man rightly governs his
fe, but he that knows how
e it, Wee cannot be so stu-
at that we must needs know
ime or other we must die.
hen Death comes, wee are
d, tremble, grieve. But
not hee seeme to be a very
that would weepe, because
d not until a thousand yeers?
not hee his equall who
lie beyond a thousand?
wast not, thou shalt not be.
nd future time are both at
ers Regimen. Wast not thou
o die? Did no this happen
Father? to thy Ancestors?
to

To Jesus Christ.

*I would not Death but life
seeks it right
(O Christ) who in thy l
parts to light.*

I am not afraid with
whom thou speakest o In
God, &c. I will follow th
loving Saviour) with will
delight: and what should
else, when as thou thy self
me to come and approach
to be dissolv'd and to be with
1 Phil 1. 23. *is much the better.* This is the
of my desires, for *Christ i*
both in life and death advanta

§ 3.

Not always sweet things.

IN times past (as *Pliny* r
on the *Latines* solemne
when as they strove for vi
their Char ots in the *Capito*
conquered drunke Wormw

thou willing to take downe a cup of this bitter drinke that thou maist conquer.

He scarce deserves to tast the sweet,
That with the sowre did never meet.

§. 4.

To contemne Death is Christian valour.

NO man rightly governs his life, but he that knows how to leave it. Wee cannot be so stupid, but this we must needs know some time or other we must die. Yet when Death comes, wee are frighted, tremble, grieve. But would not hee seeme to be a very Ideot, that would weepe, because he liv'd not unto a thousand yeers? and is not hee his equall who would live beyond a thousand? Thou wast not, thou shalt not be. Past and future time are both at anothers Regimen. Wast not thou born to die? Did no this happen to thy Father? to thy Ancestors?

to

to all that were before thee? Shall it not be laid upon all that come after thee? whyshould thy shoulders be exempted from the cõmon burthen? Thou wouldest not fear to drink, to eat, to play, to sleep with others, why then feareſt thou to die with others? Look but upon the long troop of thoſe before thee, of thoſe that follow thee, and thoſe that goe along with thee, in the ſame houre with thy ſelf. This is a faire proſpective, View the known, and unknown World; and it is certain, that thouſands each moment are born, and die, and by the ſame kinde of Death. Death perpetually hath bin a ſafe paſſage to reſt. And there is nothing ill in Death but the feare of Death. If therefore we would be in quiet hereafter, it is beſt to have our ſouls ready. Shall I feare my end, when I know I am not without end? But you will ſay it is an hard thing to bring a mans minde to ſuch an high paſſe to ſlight his own ſoule. It is eaſie to him: who knows to live, as he ſung well.

A juſt man's firſt or laſt,
Comes not too ſlow, or faſt.

We deny not, but death hath ſome terrour in it, but therefore we are to learne how not to feare it. This is an intallible ſigne of a truly couragious ſoule, not to feare his going out. Hee truly knows whither he goes with comfort, that knows from whence hee came in teares. *Theodoſius*, of whom Saint *Ambroſe* makes mention was ſuch an Emperour, who uſed to ſay. I love that man who when he is to die, is grieved more for the Churches hazard, then for his own diſſolution. That therefore thou mayſt never feare Death, always think on it.

---

§. 5.

Examples of Death contemned.

Nimachetus a great Ruler in *Malaca* in the *Indyes*, being com-

commanded to leave off his office, hee took it for so great a disgrace being ignorant of true honour & vertue, that forthwith, he, of *Aloes* and other sweet precious wood builded a great funerall-fire hard by his seat of judgment all covered with rich Arras, from whence hee shining in his Robes of gold, and decked with Jewels discoursed to the multitude about him, of all the actions and passages of his life, and having laid open, and declared the benefits which hee had done for, and conferred on the *Portugals* in their extremities: he complained that without any demerit on his part, he was deprived of his dignity, then detesting the *Portugalls* plots (such Firebrands doth ambition inject into the souls of men) hee, as a contemner of their injuries, and of his own death) cast himselfe into the fire.

Ælian. l. 5. Var. Hist. c. 6. *Ælianus* record another example not unlike to this former, (saith hee) the end of *Calanus* is not onely strange, but to be counted

ted a wonder, which was on this manner. *Calanus* an *Indian* Philosopher, who had bidden adieu to *Alexander*, to the *Macedonians*, and to this life, built him in the large Suburbs of *Babylon*, a funeral Pile of costly sweet wood, as Cedar, Cypresse, Myrrhe, and Lawrell, and having finished his daily constant exercise went into the Pile, and stood there encompassed with the wood; and the Sun shining bright upon him. Which done he intreated the *Macedonians* to kindle the fire, which burning *Calanus* stood still, and fell not untill hee was dead. It is reported that *Alexander* should say of him, That *Calanus* had overcome stronger enemies than himselfe. For *Alexander* had onely waged warre and conquered *Porus*, *Taxita*, and *Darius*, but *Calanus* had overcome, travell and *Death*. And shall there be such courage in vain men against Death? and shall Christians assisted by God droop their Spirits? Let us but examine the matter narrowly, if we will believe *Seneca*,

ca, Death is Natures best deuise, & the sure remedy of all evils. And therfore let us make that a vertue that otherwise will be necessity. Certainly every wise Christiã wil do nothing unwillingly, hee doth avoid all necessities pressures, who is willing to doe what he must. Let us therfore with a good heart expect our end, or rather our beginning. Hee is always of an upright heart, who knows how to despise Death.

---

§ 6.

A minde ready for Death

ZENO the Stoick (as *Suidas* records it) dasht his foot and wounded one of his toes, as he went out of Schoole, but hee supposing that he had beene called by others, struck his hand upon the earth with this word. I am comming; why ô earth doest thou call me? and so without any sicknesse at ninety six yeeres of age the

the old man died. *Zeno* had ſo accuſtomed himſelfe to hunger, that hee would ſay, hee would eat but little, that he might die the eaſier, and ſooner. This did *Zeno*, that his old age might be the freer from diſeaſes and griefs, Hee obtain'd both, according to his deſired wiſh. Wee need not wonder that our lives are ſo ſhort, and our health ſo uncertain; when as wee waſt both health and life at feaſting and drinking Large Suppers may pleaſe the appetite, but they make work for the Phyſician, a full gluttonous belly is the Emblem of a ſwelling, moving grave. O fools: by that way wee ſhould prolong, wee cut off and ſhorten our days. And it proceeds from hence, that wee will not be perſwaded of the vertue of a Chriſtian abſtinence. But experience pronounceth that ſaying to be true, the leſſe thou eateſt the longer is thy life: but to the purpoſe, this by the way. *Vid. Lenn. Leſſ. Hyg.*

Vrſinus (as Saint *Gregory* relates it) being comforted with hea-

venly Meditations, would often in his ſickneſſe cry out, I come, ô I come! I give thanks to thee (ô God) and as hee related to thoſe that were about him, the joyes of Heaven, and the beauty of thoſe Celeſtiall ſouls, he reiterated the ſame words. Behold I come and ſo ſurrendred up his ſoule, and died.

A mind willing to ſurrender to Death ſpeaks in the preſent tenſe. I doe come without any demurring or delays. It is too late to trifle time here. Nature is not a ſtepdame, but a mother. Canſt thou accuſe her (ô my *Theophraſtus*) to be more unkind to men, then to beaſts? Certainly men are her choiceſt pieces, and if ſhee could preſerve any from death & corruption, men ſhould pertake of the priviledge and benefit. For which is better, quickly to ſuffer, and to cut off all fear, or ſlowly to ſuffer, and ſtill to be ſubjected to fear & horror? Nature then quits a man from a lingring torment when ſhee yields him but a ſhort life.

we

We all doe ſtay
For th' appointed day.

Why therefore art thou affrighted? is thy life taken away? ſo is then the feare of death, and many evils, that betide the life of man? there is little difference (ſaith *Plinius Secundus*) betwixt ſuffering miſery, and expecting it daily to come. onely this:, that there is ſome meane in grieving, none in fearing For thou mayeſt grieve onely for ſo much as is happened: but thou mayeſt feare for whatſoever may happen.

---

§ 8.

Three things grievous in ſickneſſe.

IN every diſeaſe almoſt there are three things incident. The feare of Death, the paine of the body, and the loſſe and privation of pleaſures. But as in the rules of

Phyſick, hot diſeaſes are cured by cold medicines, and cold by hot, ſo are theſe to be cured by Antidotes. Let the ſicke beware here, that he miſtakes not, or goes not a contrary way: There was a yong man who ſtood in need of old things to allay his heat, but he, when the Phyſicians were departed, by the perſwaſion of the ſervants of the houſe tooke hot ingredients, and anointed his breſt with Balme, and applyed many other hot medicines to his ſickneſſe, which added fire to fire, and almoſt brought him to Death. To cure therefore the feare of Death and to remove it, is to love Heaven and the joys thereof: a little of divine love diſpels all the ſmoak of vain feares. Who loves Chriſt, will be willing to lay downe his life, and ſhall be beloved of his Saviour.

2 To aſſwage and mitigate the paine of body is to have peace of conſcience. An upright ſoule, and an entire conſcience doth afford marvellous conſolation to the ſick bed.

bed. A pure conſcience purged from dead works is a powerfull remedy againſt all tormentings. The ſick man will beare his ſickneſſe the eaſier and more comfortably, if he fixeth deeply in his mind this one thing. The moſt righteous Lord God hath impoſed this affliction upon me, and therefore I will beare. It is his good pleaſure, let him doe as he thinks good.

3 The loſſe of pleaſures will nothing trouble nor grieve him, who thinks upon heavenly, eternall pleaſures. Thoſe which wee leave, are light, vaine, ſhort, and filthy, and commonly before they are left off, they leave their Lovers full of paine, oftentimes of diſeaſes. But thoſe, which our heavenly Countrey promiſeth to us, and will performe, are infinite, firme, eternall, not fading. He eaſily diſeſteems earth, whoſe aime is heaven.

§ 9.

Sicknesse is the Schoole of Vertue and Monitor to Eternitie.

THou sufferest well (saith *Bernard*) *if it works compunction.* Sicknes is aswell the Schoole of graces: as the scourge of vices. While wee are lusty, and strong we rush into sins (as the horse into the battle) furiously; when wee are sick, wee better regulate our passions, curbe our affections: being healthy we are pestered with many hundred severall employments, and put God in our last thoughts. How many are chast and sober in sicknesse? Who in time of health have furiously followed all filthy lusts and pleasures. These men were happier and safer under the rod, then they can be at liberty. God lays therefore many *downe*, that they may looke up, and confines them with a Fever or Consumption,

on, or such like that their souls may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. Long sickness makes sober minds. In briefe, Sickness seems to macerate the body, but it meliorizeth the soul, & though as (Saint *Paul* saith) *our outward man decay, yet our inward man is renewed daily.* Hence is it that though sickness do seem tedious, and burthensome, yet it is then Good, when it works holiness in the Patient.

2 Cor. 4. 26.

---

§ 10.

Sickness is the Monitor to Eternitie.

WHat a good thing is it? that the evils of this present life should afford unto us a taste of everlasting punishments? By these light ones here, let us learn to keep our selves from those eternall ones. From which no Apothecary, no Physician, no Medicine, no Criticall day, nor Death

it selfe (the Medicine for all evils and punishments here) can release from. The ways to death are diverse, but once arrived to Eternity, there is no redemption,

Anaxagoras being very sick, his friends asked him whither he would be carried into his Country, or not? no such need (said he) and added a reason; for every Countrey affords us a way to our grave. This answer of his may be as well applyed to Heaven, for wee may goe to Heaven from any part of the World. O the fortunate and happy scar-fire of Feavers! because short: ô the fearfull fire of Hell! because everlasting.

---

§ 13.

In sickness we must always pray.

PRayer ought to be the sickmans constant exercise. Neither is it of too much difficulty for the sick party.

party. It is an exercise that's perform'd without toyle. For he may do it by his tongue to God: but if his tongue be dulled, or if griefe stops his voice, then his soule in all humble devotion is to be lift up to God with a quiet composure of body. Sometimes also ardent sighes do demonstrate secret conference with God. Sometimes the disease is so violent that it not onely depresseth the body, but also the soule and the whole man is forc'd as it were wholly to attend on it. In his case God accepts a patient and a quiet bearing of these dolours for Prayers. Sicknesse mixt with patience and mortification, are acceptable Sacrifices in the presence of God. *Hee prayes well, that suffers patiently.* And he doth not onely pray unto God, but doth prevaile with God, who sends two such wise Embassadours as *Compunction*, and *Patience*. But further though the Sicke man be brought to that passe, that he neither by voice, nor yet by hearty *Ejaculations*, yea, though his pa-

sence be overcome, yet there is a way to pray left him. Can hee look about him, and hee shall see those that stand by him; and those that are about him, ready & prompt to pray for him: let but him in his sickneſſe speake a word to them, ô my good friend, ô my dear brother, you see how I am conquered with pains, I pray you lend mee your tongue and your heart; and read such and such a Psalme for mee to intreat God to be mercifull unto me. Which of his friends will not be ready and willing to performe theſe things for the sick? So though hee cannot by himselfe in words expreſſe himself to God, yet hee may, by the prayers of the faithfull. Therefore I repeat it again, *In sickneſſe always pray. wee can never be too importunate with God.*

§ 12.

What wee must think and doe in dolors and sickeesse.

A Man that enjoys God, though hee be presſed with griefs, and full of ſorrows, will not for all this curſe God and die. Hee ſays not amiſſe, if hee uſe theſe or the like expreſſions I will hope well while I breath, and I will hope better things drawing neerer towards God and my diſſolution. *Seneca* ſpake excellently well of Griefe: ſaying, No man's griefe can be great and long. So benigne our nature hath bin for us, that the proportions the griefe, either makes it tolerable, or ſhort. For the intention of the higheſt grief hath found an End. This is one comfort in the deepeſt miſery that when you have felt it too long, it is cuſtomary, and ſo you looſe the ſence of it, by the continuation of it. But what vexeth moſt thoſe, that

Sen. ep. 78 ante med. that of the Poet is known *It's light if long: It's ſhort if ſtrong.*

are

are unexpert in bearing griefe, is, that they have not accuſtomed themſelves to be contented in minde, they are too much addicted to carnality. Wherefore, ô my ſick friend, learne by degrees to deduct thy ſoule from thy body: and be converſant wi h thy nobler and diviner part: and becauſe there is no grief ſo violent, but admits of intermiſſions, therefore, when thou art ſick, and feeleſt pains, do no: haſtily leave off the exerciſe of prayer, or patience. Above all things looke, that thy morning Sacrifice, and ſome examination of Conſcience at the Evening, keepe their courſe. If thy voice fail, perform it in ſpirit.

Canſt thou not frequent divine Duties, or receive the Communion of the Body and Bloud of Chriſt? then ſet apart ſome time preciſely, in which thou maiſt ſee God preſent with thee. Never let the night, or ſleepe paſſe upon thee, before thou haſt diſcuſſed and debated with thy Conſcience, and quieted it. In thoſe houres, that

that either thy grief is leſs'ned, or is not at all, take ſome godly book into thy hands, & read ſome ſelect ſentences fi teſt for thy preſent benefit, and meditate them ſeriouſly. Every day ſelect one houre to thy ſelfe for prayer, and begin it, and end that little time in holy ſighes, Ejaculations and Prayers devoutly, humbly, reverently, and this houre will ſeeme to be ſpent in Heaven: but if thou canſt not performe this, which ſcarce any pain can hinder thee from, yet at uttermoſt let ſome time be allotted, in which thou mayſt erect thy ſpirit to thy Creatour, and by ſighes lift up thy thoughts to Heaven. For theſe courſes will mitigate and diminiſh the greateſt anguiſh and grief.

At the Entrance and End of all thy prayers conſecrate thy whole ſelf to Gods divine good will and pleaſure. Nor all, nor any of theſe are ſo hard, but that a dying man may performe, much more hee whoſe ſickneſſe is not ſo urgent. Which yet, if you cannot, or rather

ther will not, do any of these: yet however, while the extremity of the pain is upon, you be quietly, and thankfully patient. Doe not, (I pray you) make your burthen weightier then it is of it self: why should you adde to your own affliction? It is but light and easie, unlesse it be made heavy by your prejudicate opinion. Contrariwise, if you exhort and incourage your selfe, and say, It is nothing, or it is but little, we will bear it, it will be at an end, then will you make it but little, by esteeming it so. All things are censured by opinion, we grieve according to opinion. *Every man is so miserable as he judgeth himselfe to be.*

---

§ 13.

Our thoughts are divers in the time of sicknesse, and health.

Lacides the Philosopher, having omitted many housholde offices,

ces, ſaid, We diſpute one thing in the Schools, and live otherwiſe at home. So men in health can adminiſter and ſuggeſt comfort to the ſick, but what ſick man is he, that in his diſeaſe can ſufficiently comfort himſelfe? I do much doubt my ſelfe in divers States. Ah! how glaſſe-like is our ſtrength! how inſtantly doth one daſh batter it? While wee are in health wee imagine to our ſelves bodies of braſſe, all our diſcourſe is lofty, and wee dare even provoke ſickneſſe; but when they approach, how do we flie? or how ſuddenly at the firſt grapling fall wounded and weak? Wee are but menthen, by our own confeſſions, and our dying bodies have litt'e or no vigour in them. I will not, cannot deny, but that our bodies are fragile, but not ſo much, but that with a reſolved patience, they might indure the greateſt of calamities were not their ſpirits as dejected, and poore, as their bodies are weake. This is our too much fainthartednes that makes

ſo

so many desert vertuous actions, whi'e wee make every difficult thing, to be intolerable, impossible to be undergone. Virtue perisheth if Difficulty, which is the matter of it, be removed.

---

§ 14.

In all Sicknesse wee must send holy sighs to God.

O *Lord, Thou art my Fortresse and strength, and my sure refuge in the time of my trouble,* Jerem. 16. 19.

It is the LORD, *Let him doe what seemeth him good.* 1 Sam. 3. 18.

O Father, prove thy servant to the end, and leave not off from the man of iniquitie Job 34. 36

It is good for me that I have been afflicted: for thereby I have learn'd thy Statutes. Psal. 119. 71.

I take pleasure in infirmities: in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christs sake:

for

for when I am weake, then am I strong 2 Cor. 12. 10.

O JESVS, who art my Love and my ſouls delight, cauſe mee for my love to thy name to be joyfull in ſuffering and dying. For I am no more mine, but altogether at thy rule and diſpoſing.

---

§ 15.

Certain faults of Sick men.

First, *to be eager and willing to hear curioſities, novelties, & trifles.*

2 *Not to be willing to heare admonitories and preparations towards Death.*

3 *To blame and complain of thoſe that take the care of him.*

4 *To reject thoſe things which are prepared for their good and recovery.*

5 *To diſlike their bed and lodging.*

6 *To believe that they are not well looked to, and thereupon to murmure, and repine.*

7 *Seldome to think of or ſpeak of God or divine things.* 8 *Not*

8 *Not to be given up, and to be resign'd and subject to Gods will in all things.*

9 *To thinke some things too grievous and beyond his faults, and not to be born with any Christian patience.*

And what concerns it thee, (o my sicke man) what is done in *France*, *Germany*, *Italie*, or *Spain*; rather shouldest thou seek what is done in heavé, or how thou should escape hell & the torments t' ereof. Let others whisper what they will among themselves; thinke thou on this. Suffer the dead to bury the dead; Let this be thy onely care, to secure thy soul; this is that one thing that is necessary: what hast thou to doe with new or curious trifles, for the most part false and fictitious? these are offensive to others, unprofitable to thy selfe. And why turnest thou away from those who tell thee of thy approaching danger? (I beseech thee) imitate not those old men whom thou kneweſt before abroad, to whom it was death, to heare Death to be spoken off. I pray

Pray thee, hast thou learn'd no further yet, but still to fear death? Hast thou got so much knowledge in so many yeares, to die freely, peaceably, and without vexation? Why trembleſt thou? Commit thy ſelf wholly to the will of God, and ſo thou haſt done the hardeſt piece of thy work. Even our whole life is but a puniſhment.

That wiſe *Roman Seneca* will counſell thee. We being (ſaith he) caſt into the deep and troubleſome ſea of this World, which is always toſſing her waves and billows, now lifting us up with ſudden advancements, now againe leaving us in the lurch to our greater loſſe: Continually toſſing us, never are we ſafely ſetled: We are alwayes in ſuſpence, and inconſtantly floating; now and then daſh'd one againſt another, ſometimes making ſhipwrack, always fearing; thus wee ſaile along this boyſterous Ocean, expoſed to all tempeſts, and there is no Port or Haven till we arrive at Death.

Many mens credulitie deceives them

them especially in those things which they love, being willing to forget the remembrance of death. Daily before our eies we see spectacles and objects of Mortalitie, as well of our friends, as strangers: but we still are otherways imployed, and thinke that sudden, which might have have hapned every moment of our life. This is not the iniquitie of Nature, but the pravitie of our minds: being insatiable in that which it cannot enjoy; and altogether disdaining to go out from thence, whither he was admitted to enter by request. Hee is unjust, that leaves not the Donor the disposing of his owne gift: He is greedy, who doth not account that a benefit which hee hath received, but says it is losse to restore it. Hee is ingrate who calls the end of pleasure, an injury. He is foolish, which thinks nothing but things present have profit in them. He too much pens up and straitens his joys, who thinks hee enjoys no more then what he hath: and seeth Suddenly

doth

doth all pleaſure leave us, it flows and paſſes, and is in a manner taken away, before it come to us.

Let us therefore contentedly enjoy what is beſtowed, and ſurrender it when it ſhall be demanded. Death ſnatcheth away all, ſome one time, ſome another; none eſcapeth him: Let our ſouls then continually watch, never dreading it, becauſe neceſſary; always expecting it, becauſe uncertain. It is hard to ſay whether it be more folly to be ignorant of, or impudent to ſtand out againſt the Laws of Mortality. All men, yea all creatures whatſoever, look towards death. Whoſoever is born to the World is ordained to die, and to paſſe to Eternity.

§ 16

§ 17.

Three speciall Rules to be observed by the sick.

I *Concerning God.*

IT is grand impietie to murmur any thing against God our heavenly Father, as though the disease hee layeth upon us were extreame and unreasonable. We ought rather to say with holy *Iob*, *Even as it pleaseth the Lord, so come things to passe: Blessed be the name of the Lord:* and to cry out with that devout multitude, *He hath done all things well.* For whether God wound or heal us, certain it is hee ever beareth towards us the tender care and affection of a most loving Father.

II *Concerning himself.*

In the extremity of sickneſſe there

there is not so much need of long and continuall prayers, as of constant and unwearied patience: For thereby that which is heavie and intolerable becommeth light and easie. Our chiefe cordials and sweetest comforts in our sicknesse are frequent sighes breathed up to Heaven, the Remembrance of the patient suffrings of the Saints, holy Prayers and Ejaculations sent up to God, for constant patience, and an happy departure out of this life.

III *Concerning others.*

The sicke man must be tractable to his Physicians, whether corporall or spirituall. If any come to visit him, he must shew all patience and calmnesse of spirit: and though his disease gripe him, many things trouble him, some displease him, others rellish ill with him, all things be not done at his beck, yet he must never murmur, but allaying the bitternesse of his afflictions with the sweet expectation

ſtation of a reward, expreſſe Chriſtian ſubmiſſion and patience in all his words and actions.

---

§ 17.

Wherewith the ſickman ſhould quench his thirſt.

MOſt ſick folk complain much of thirſt, theſe eſpecially who are ſick of Feveres. Here therefore wee will ſhew them a Fountain, whence they may drinke as much as they pleaſe.

An. 1590 In lower *Auſtria*, there was a Thiefe, who had kild many men, being taken, and brought to the Wheele, onely had his legs broken, which was done the more to torment him with a lingring death and to make him the more terrible ſpectacle to all ſuch Malefactors: bu this tormented perſon proved himſelf a valiant man, and a ſtout Chriſtian in the height of his torments For all his words argued patience, & penitence He began

began ſeriouſly to ſupplicate God, to entreat pardon for his ſins, to be a Preacher of Mortification, and to dehort all other men from the like hainous ſins. And the day being almoſt ſpent, when as there was a World of people aſſembled, there were likewiſe preſent ſome that knew him and comforted him, being glad to ſee him ſo patiently to ſuffer, for he being laid flat for his puniſhment, that hee might get another life, he aſſwag'd his preſent ſuffering with the hope of future happineſſe: and not onely ſo, but gave thanks to God, who in his anger had remembred mercy, and had chaſtened him, that hee might ſave him. In that ſpace of his puniſhment, which laſted for above three days, hee requeſted two things, that he might die maturely and Chriſtianly, and that it would pleaſe God, to ſend a ſhowre of rain ſeaſonably to mitigate his heat and thirſt. It is recorded that he obtained both theſe requeſts: for about Evening, there fell a plentifull ſhowre of raine,

and afterwards he ended his pains and his life.

Behold here (ô my Christian) thou thy selfe here hast also thy wheele, but a farre softer one, thou rollest in thy bed, as on a wheele, and without doubt though perhaps thy torment may be lesse, yet thy thirst is as great; that there may come down into thy soul a comfortable showre, look up to *Golgotha*, and behold with the eye of faith thy Saviour upon the Crosse, from whose bodie flows Rivers of saving waters: here drink, here refresh, here satisfie thy selfe. The more freely thou drinkest of this, the more healthy will thy soule be.

---

§ .18
The sickmans Napkin or Handkerchief.

CHrotildis Queen of the *Frenks*, (as *Gregorius Turonicus* relates it) being cruelly used by *Amalaricus* her husband, sent to King *Childebert* her brother a white linen

nen cloth, all besmeared with her bloud: in stead of a Letter, and as though she spoke thus to her Brother: Canst Thou (ô *Childebert*) see this, and suffer it? Seest thou what thy sister endures, and wilt thou connive at it? wilt not thou defend her? wilt not thou vindicate her wrong? Behold here (ô sick man) Thy Saviour sends to thee two Handkerchiefs, all bedyed with bloud, one he garnished in the *Mount of Olives* most liberally with his bloud, in the other from *Golgotha*, thou mayst behold how his face with sweat, with spit, with bloud, teares and blows was abused by sinfull men, both these Jesus sends to thee, all be-purpled with his precious bloud, and may speak these words to thy soul: Your sins (ô mortals) have caused this sweat; these stripes this bloud. Can yee behold these, and can you but leave of your wicked lives? ô would wee were true *Childeberts*! and that wee would take an holy & speedy revenge upon our selves. Certainly, there is no man doth

more truly grieve at the sufferings of Christ, then hee which begins to hate those things for which Jesus suffered.

---

§. 19.

The sickmans Bed.

THe sickmans Bed torments him, though it be as soft as that of *Sardanapalus*, though it be as that of *Smindyrides* upon Roses the base and effeminatish *Sybarite*: a young man given up to all wantonnesse and luxury. Who when hee had tryed how easily hee could lie upon the softest feathers, complained that they made his sides sore: and so made him a Bed of Rosie leaves, but this perfumed Gallant also complain'd of them, as too hard for his tender flesh.

Although the sick person have a bed all of Hares Wooll or down of Partridges, yet he will judge it uneasie. Well he must be excused;

it

it is his anguish that forceth these complaints, yet wee can shew you harder lodgings then these. Saint *Laurence* had a Grid-iron red fire hot to lie on, so *Vincentius* the Martyr and many others have been laid in smart lodgings, and yet the love they bore to their Lord, and the care they had of salvation made them to repute them easie and honourable.

The *Persians* in times past exercised a cruell kind of torment upon Christians, which was called *Scaphismus*; because the poore Christians which were to be thus tortured, were laid betweene two boats, as in an hollow and long streight chest with their faces upwards, their head, their hands, and feet were left out, onely; for their food it was mingled with honey, which was poured into their mouth against their wils, onely to prolong their life, and augment their torments. For at certaine times they were expos'd to the heat of the Sunne, and had their eyes shut down, their head, hands, and

feet were all anointed with milke and honey, so by this meanes, whole swarms of Flies and Gnats did cover these parts, so that they seemed as a blacke cloath, and the drink & liquour poured into their mouthes preserved life, and because it did easily run from their entrails, it caused a noysome putrifaction in the lower boat, and Wormes were ingendred: so that the men that were thus laid, were stung without with Hornets, Wasps, and Flyes; and eaten within, with infinite companies of Wormes: Hence when their bodies came to be opened, they were found most miserably gnawn with these Wormes, and this unheard off and most cruell torment would let the parties live to fifteen or seventeen days and some more. Consider (my sicke friend) this bed, this miserable lodging so full of torture invented for the Christians. Oh how favourable are thy sufferings to these! how soft is thy Bed to this: thy disease is not to be reckoned any thing compared

pared with these tortures? Be silent therefore, and be patient without murmuring. who partakes of the Crosse shall inherit the Kingdome: and *Salvian* spoke well, it seems to me a kinde of health, not to be alwayes in health. *Epist. 5.*

§ 20.

The hope of a better life asswageth our misery.

I Demand of thee, (ô my sicke friend) with *Seneca*, why wondrest thou at thy miseries? Thou art born to this, to losses, to crosses, to perishings, to hopes, to feares, to disquietings: to fear, yet to desire death; and what is worse, not to know thy own condition, & never to be in a durable state.

Ingenuous spirits strike off delays; they desire earnestly to bee gone, and break prison. They accustome their thoughts to sublime objects, and so easily despise these baser subjects. Therfore *Plato* cryes out, A wise man always sets death before him, this he wils, this

he meditates on; this takes up his thoughts. how wel is that saying of *Plato*, concerning a better life, I (saith he) esteem him a wise man, whose study is to die in hope and confidence: being filled with certainty of hope, that hee shall be enriched with great rewards when he is dead. This the Ancients saw in the dark, and can'st thou choose but see them in the Sun-shine? Why therefore (ô my sick friend) doe these terrene things molest thee? When as shortly Heaven shall be thy Mansion, let thy thoughts be there fixed, and what ever thy misery is: thou wilt lesse feel it.

---

§ 21.

The true hope of a most blessed Life.

I Trouble thee not here with Poets or Philosophers, the businesse is serious, I will draw most pure waters out of the fountaine of holy Writ, let therefore sorrow be gone, and confidently say

it with the Doctor of the *Gentiles*, *I know whom I have believed, and I am sure that he will keep, and is able to keepe that for mee untill that day.* What feareſt thou ô man of ſhort hope? Heare what *Syrach's* ſonne ſaith alſo, *Hee which feareth the Lord, ſhall not need to be daunted, becauſe the Lord is his hope. The ſoule of him that feareth the Lord is bleſſed. For the Lord is his hope, and his ſtrength; The eyes of the Lord are upon them that feare him, hee is their mighty protection and ſtrong ſtay, a defence from heat, and a cover from the Sunne at noon, a preſervation from ſtumbling, and a helpe from falling, he raiſeth up the ſoule, lightneth the eyes, he giveth health, life and bleſſing.* 2 Tim. 12. Eccluſ 34. 16. usque ad 21.

The Kingly Prophet even then when he ſaw his own death, how valiantly and reſolutely did hee expreſſe himſelfe? *I will lie downe* (ſaith he) *and take my reſt, for it is Thou Lord onely, that makeſt mee dwell in ſafety*: now what that was he ſpeaks elſwhere: ſaying, *for thou haſt beene my hope, and a ſtrong* Pſal. 4. 9.

Psal. 61. 3, 4. towre against the enemy, *I will dwell in thy Tabernacle for ever, and my trust shall be under the shadow of thy wings*: but thou wilt reply, my impatience makes me distrust, take then with King *David* another remedy. For *Thou art mine, ô Lord God, even my trust from my youth up.* Neither did King *David* use this as a medicine for himself, but exhorts others to apply it to themselves. *Trust in him alway all yee people, poure out your hearts before him, for God is our hope.* Why canst not thou follow, Him who hath so often said it; *Remember thy promise made to thy servant, wherin thou hast caused mee to put my trust, It is my comfort in my trouble.* and say thou with *Ieremiah*, the Prophet. *But I have not thrust in my selfe for a Pastor after thee. Be not thou terrible unto me, Thou art my hope in the day of adversitie.* And also heare him elswhere. *Refraine thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from teares, for thy work shall be rewarded, and there is hope in thine end.* Iob was most confident in this, *Though hee*

Psal. 71. 5.

Psal. 62. 8.

Ier. 17. 16, 17.

Ier. 31. 16, 17.

Iob 13. 15. 17. 12

kill

kill me yet will I trust in him. And when hee was at the threshold of death, he saith, *I have changed the night for the day.* And in Ecclesiasticus it is said, *Know yee that none that trust in the Lord hath been confounded, for who hath abode in his commandements, and was forsaken? And who hath called upon him, and hath been rejected? Because the Lord is holy and mercifull, and will forgive in the day of affliction: Hee is the protector of all such as seek him in verity.* And the Prophet Hosea cries out, *Trust in thy God for ever, for they that trust in him shall not be confounded, seeing the Lord is good to all that feare him, even to the soule that trusts in him. It is good both to trust in and to waite for the salvation of the Lord, for truly the Lord is good, and as a strong hold in the day of trouble, and hee knoweth all that trust in him. And wee also know that when he shall appeare, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is, And every one that hath this hope in him purgeth himselfe even as he is pure.* Have thou therefore thy

Ecclus 2. 11,12,13.

Ose 12.6

Lam. 3. 26,27.

Nahum. 1.7.

1 John 3. 2,3.

hope,

hope fixed upon Gods goodneſſe,
Pſal.116.9 for *he will not forſake him, that hopes in him*, But as *David* ſpeaks, *wee ſhall ſee the goodneſſe of the Lord in the land of the living.*

---

§ 22.

Tranquillity flows from true hope.

Pſa.116.7 *REturn unto thy reſt (ô my ſoule) for the Lord hath beene gracious unto thee.* Why fainteſt thou in ſuch variety of laborious travels? behold the Lord is preſent to put an end to all thy pains; leave off therefore (ô my ſoule) to be any longer willingly miſerable; and to waſte thy ſelfe with ſuch fruitleſſe toyles; ſickneſſe and death are the beginnings of reſt to thee, thou mayeſt ſay perhaps, they are hard beginnings: it is true, they are ſo; but thou knoweſt after ſtormy weather uſually come the greateſt calmes: ſo here, thy reſt thus purchaſed, is reſt eternall.

Now

Now perhaps Good-Friday wearies thee, but thou doeſt know that Eaſter is nigh, for aye to laſt. Goe on, and partake willingly ſome ſhare of labour and ſorrow, thou expects an Haven to arrive in, not onely out of this troubleſome World, but into that which is eternall in Heaven. Though thy labours be but (in thy apprehenſion) now begun, yet they are ſufficiently done; when, hee to whom thou haſt laboured, accounts them ſo. Thou therefore (ô my ſoule) leave off vanity, and turn thee to thy God, who hath done great things for thee. Count if thou canſt all his benefits, thou mayeſt ſooner reckon the ſands on the ſhore, by which his favours he hath laid open a way to thy eternall felicitie. Saint *Bernard* commended that chiefly to his before his death, *That they would firmly fix the Anchor of their hopes, in the ſafe boſome of Gods mercy.* Let us have therefore that Verſe of that ſweet Singer daily in our mouthes. *In thee, O Lord, have I put my truſt,*

let mee never be confounded, deliver mee in thy righteousnesse.

---

§ 23.

Patience is the whole armour of a Christian.

Demosthenes being asked what was the chiefe ornament and grace of Eloquence answered, *Action*, being asked what was next to that, answered, *Action*, being asked the third time replyed, *Action*: so that as he gave the prime grace and credit to *Action*, so hee made it the onely grace of Rhetorick. If I should be asked, what is the chiefest thing requisite for a sick man, I would say, and rightly too, *Patience*, if it should be asked what is the most profitable for him, I would answer againe *Patience*, If again the third time, what is the most decent thing for a sick man, I would repeat the same,

ſame, and ſay, *Patience*. This deſerves all the credit, ſhee ſhould not onely weare the firſt, but alſo the ſecond and third Bayes. Let us ſee what repute the divine Oracles beſtow upon Patience, our Saviour ſaith, *By patience poſſeſſe your ſoule*, nordoth S. *Paul* ſay little leſſe, *Ye have need of Patience that when yee have done the worke, you might receive the promiſe*. And Saint James, *Let Patience have her perfect work*. Would you any more ô impatient man! *By many tribulations wee muſt enter into the Kingdome of God*. Where the thorne pricks thee will grow a Roſe to crowne thee. Truth it ſelf proclaymes it, *Whoſoever ſhall not take up his croſſe and come after, he cannot be my Diſciple*. Admit therefore the Councell of Saint *Auguſtine*, Suffer, what thou wouldeſt not, that thou mayeſt enjoy that which thou wouldeſt. *Salomon* beats upon the ſame, *Deſpiſe not the correction of the Lord, and faint not, when thou art chaſtened of him*. For whom the Lord loves hee corrects, and takes

Luke 21. 19.

Heb. 10. 36.

Acts 14. 22.

Lu. 14. 33

Aug. in Pſal. 6.

Prov. 3. 11, 12.

takes pleasure in him as in a sonne.

God delighteth not in destruction, but after a storme bringeth a calme, and for teares rejoycing; the Name of the God of Israel be praysed for ever. Therefore
Lu. 6. 21. *blessed are yee that weep, for yee shall be comforted* The furnace tryes the vessels of the potter, and so doth the tentation of tribulation righteous men. Wherefore (ô my sick man) compose thy selfe to all patience. Patience is chiefly necessary for thee before any other thing. Thy meat (perhaps) rellisheth not with thee; Patience will digest all. It is common, and one of the first things that befall sickmen to lose their palates, their sleep may be short and interrupted, Patience will give ease and rest. Doe sicke men sleepe so well as healthy? doe paines torment? patience doth mitigate. Are thy attendants negligent in their duties? usefull then is Patience. To satisfie a sickman in all things is very difficult. Perhaps there may

may want apt Comforters. Oh then embrace patience. Thy Lord Christ is the onely Comforter: though many things be wanting which may seeme necessary, possesse but thy selfe with this one rich cordiall, and all will be well; all will be quiet. *Ioachim Elector* of *Brandenburgh*, comming to visit *Charles* the fifth Emperor, being troubled with the Gout, did admonish the Emperour to use the help of Physicians, to whom *Charles* the Emperour replyed; The best remedy for this sore is Patience: and so truly the onely remedy, and the whole Armour of the sick, is *Patience*: being guarded with this, hee will not much fear pains, diseases, nor death it selfe. Hee may encounter with all these Enemies, and come off a Victor. *For Patience overcommeth all evils.*

§. 24.

We are but guests, at length we must be gone.

OUr life is but a way-faring and pilgrimage. Wee are in a ſtrange place, and at anothers diſpoſing. Weare often diſmiſſed, before we be well entertain'd, and our remembrance departs with us. We are but of yeſterday, as a Poſt that paſſeth away and is gone, moſt richly Saint *Auguſtine* in this kinde. All of us are Pilgrims and ſtrangers. Hee is a Chriſtian which at home doth acknowledge himſelfe a Pilgrime, our Country is above, there wee ſhall not be ſtrangers. For here every one at home is but a gueſt. Will hee, nill hee, hee is but a ſtranger. Bu hee leaves his houſe to his children. What then? as one gueſt his lodging to the next commer. Thy Father left room for thee, thou muſt leave it to the next generation. Neither while thou wouldſt ſtay, doeſt thou, nor

while

while thou wouldſt ſtay, ſhalt thou If we muſt all be gone, let's doe ſomething here that may abide hereafter. That when wee ſhall paſſe away, and ſhall come thither from whence wee ſhall not depart, we may finde ſome good treaſured up. Seeing therefore that wee are but gueſts, let it not trouble us to ſet onward to our travell. A traveller goes no way ſo merrily, as when hee goes homeward.

---

§ 25.

The terme of life is certain.

THe number of his moneths is with thee, Thou haſt appointed him his bounds, which hee cannot paſſe. Whatſoever thou doeſt (ô man) whatſoever thou endevoureſt, the days of thy life are numbred unto thee. Summon and convocate all the Phyſicians to thee, about thee, *Podalyrius*, *Machaoniſts*, *Æſculapians*, *Hippocratiſts*, and command all the *Galens* to revive, not all Iob.14.5.

these

these can put one part of a thou minute to thy yeares, beyond Gods appointed time. Empty all the Apothecaries shops, swallow up Gold, and Pearles, to extend thy life. Yet thou shalt not promote the termes, which thou canst not exceed, be thou never so wary: decline from all dangers thou canst suppose, hinder the growth of diseases, yet thou shalt not increase the number of thy moneths. Thou mayest wish, vow, desire, it's nothing: the limits are appointed, and (what stirre soever thou makest) thou canst not enlarge them. Thou thinkest perhaps the sand of the sea to be innumerable; but he hath that numbred, which hath thy yeares, moneths, dayes, houres, minutes reckoned from Eternity. Whatsoever thy skill, or industry may promise thee, they cannot enlarge thy space of time not a moment. Let there be provided for thee, the choice and most excellent diet, and let it be never so rarely dresst, drinke the Creame of wine; never labour

but

but for health ; ſleep juſt ſo long as thy Doctour preſcribes thee, and as thy health invites thee. Be cold and hot to a juſt proportion, notwithſtanding all theſe things thou ſhalt prove mortall, and when thou art come to the marke, (which God hath ſet up, and foreſeen from all Eternitie) Then thou mayeſt bid Adieu to all humane things, and all worldly affaires: and prepare thy ſelfe to give in account, for the Tribunall calls thee to Appearance. Seeke no delay here, no truce, no putting off, thou muſt goe, ſlinke not backwards. The account muſt be given, doe not excuſe thy ſelfe, all delay is cut off, requeſt not lingring. (ô God) the number of all mens moneths is with thee, his bounds are ſet which cannot, cannot (I ſay) be paſt.

Seneca was not ignorant of this (who ſaid) No man died too ſoon, who was never intended to live longer then he did. *Conſol. ad Marciam. c. 20.*

He

He hath arrived at his ſet mark,
And now muſt lie alas itis dark.

Every man hath his prefixed ſtint: hee ſhall remayne for ever in his *Stanza*. Let an hundred Phyſicians, ſix hundred friends, a thouſand Kinſmen attend or hedge in thy bed: yet not one of them can helpe thee; *One onely God can doe the deed.*

It is concluded (ô man) it is fully concluded concerning thee, (ô if God be thine Enemy) it is concluded upon thee for ever. Thou periſheſt for ever, if in this moment of death, thou beeſt not received into grace and favour, the laſt moment of thy life pronounceth ſentence of thee: as thy death, as thy fall is, ſo ſhall thy reſurrection, ſo ſhall thy life be to all Eternitie. ah! begin to be wiſe, and live to God, and whatever thou doeſt; remember Eternitie.

§ 16.

The first Objection of the sick man.

I Could easily have comforted my selfe when I was healthy and lusty, I then provoked these evils when they were absent, behold now the sorrow, that so often I have pronounced tolerable: behold the death! against which I have spoken many great words!

I thought otherwise while I stood healthy and strong, I think not so now being cast down upon my bed of sickneſſe. It is no hing to provoke an absent Enemy, but it is a matter of difficulty to retaine stoutneſſe of spirit to his face. We usually contemne death, but it is when wee think and believe our selves free from his reaching darts: It is one thing to fight in thought, another thing to fight really. The Coward may performe the firſt, but none but Chri-

Christian Champions the latter.

What saist thou (ô my sick man) why doest thou complain against thy selfe? why changest thou thy yesterdays minde, though it was good? what? as though it were the part of a Champion to be wise and valorous in the dark onely? but when hee enters the lists to be sottish and cowardly? A good Fencer will not reject counsell when hee is entred the Theatre, though before hee wanted it. Stand (ô man) and be bold, thou hast overcome, if thou wilt; onely despaire not. Behold *Iesus Christ* thy rewarder, looking on thee, he is not onely a Spectatour, but an Helper. And hee reaches to thy hands all the weapons which thou needest use, but perhaps they are to thee as *Sauls* were to *David*, not fit, thou refusest the scourge, the thorns, and the Crosse: yet take the shield of Patience, under this thou mayst fight safe, secure. Commit the rest to thy good GOD. Thou knowest that of *Abraham* to

his

his sonne. *God will provide.*

§ 27.

Another Objection.

Behold I die, which might have liv'd longer. Truly thou couldst not. For if thou couldst, why doest thou not? but this thou mayst say, I hoped, or desired to live longer. And in this I believe thee; What if thou hadst lived longer, thou hadst but then lived awhile? the spaces of this life are unequal and uncertain, yet they are all short. Some men have lived 80 yeers, what have they now more then he that lived eight? Unlesse you put cares, and labours, and griefs, and toylings, as advantages into the bargaine? and what more had hee, that hee liv'd eight hundred, unlesse wee can reckon his vertues as well as his yeeres. Unlesse in this kind reckond what were *Methusalems* 969 yeeres, *but a meere vapour which appeares for a while?* Iam. 4. 15.

while, No man ever lived either so long or so much, but he seem'd to himselfe to have lived but a while: and in plaine truth, wee live but a *modicum* at the longest here. Hee that delights to live long, let him seeke after that life, where he lives for ever: which is onely to be sought here, is not to be had here. but thou wilt say, I am taken away and die, while I was thinking to doe good. Why didst thou onely think it, and not act it, not performe it? perhaps this would alwayes have beene thy thought, never thy performance.

Many are there which referre all to thought, but set no foot to begin, nor would doe, should life be longer granted: believe thy selfe to be one of these. For if thou hadst begun to doe well, thou canst not doubt, though death may prevent thy further progresse, yet the estimate of thy labour shall not be substracted in the Registry of that *Infallible Computist*. Thy reward is entire, not onely of thy acts,

acts, but of thy wishes. Be of good comfort. The direct and shortest cut to eternal reward: is to die, well.

§ 18.

Against other complaints of the sick partie.

MAnifold are the complaints of sicke folke, they scarce speake without complaynings, without grudings. How often are these usuall phrases heard in the mouthes of the diseased? alas! wretch that I am, so afflicted, so oppressed with Dolours! how often doth hee sigh out, ah! and alas! but bring the businesse to the balance, and let it be well and strictly examined, and hee will then change his termes of Griefe, into these speeches. It is well; I am well, it pleaseth God, it seemes good in my Creatours eyes. Oh how happy! how blessed am I, though under the Rod! yet

not of a Tyrant, but of a loving Father. God be praised, God be glorified. Heaven is the reward of all that doe the will of God. Oh! it is well, oh sick man! this is as it should be. *Seneca* admonisheth well in this case, *Noli (ait) &c.* Doe not (saith he) make thy evils heavier then they are, for why wilt thou desire to burthen thy selfe? it is better to withdraw these groanings, and repining words. It was never worse with any man. What torments, what evils have I suffered, no man ever thought I should ever have recovered againe. How often have I been given for lost by Physicians? Though all these were true, yet they are past. What helps it thee to take up thy past griefs, and to be miserable, because thou hast been? I am wretched thou sayest, yea, rather blessed, *Blessed is the* [illegible] *whom the Lord chasteneth; for* [illegible] *the Lord loveth he chasteneth,* [illegible] *ghts in him, as in a sonne.* [illegible] *eth every sonne whom hee* [illegible] *espise not therefore the* [illegible] *cha-*

Pro. 3. 12 *m*[illegible] *whom* [illegible] *and de*[illegible] *Hee scourg*[illegible] *receiveth.* L[illegible]

chastening of the Lord, because hee wounds and heals: he strikes downe, and raiseth up again. Knowest thou not that the Chyrurgeons Lances are but for Medicaments, and Initiations of recovery? Looke not thou so much upon thy wound, as to the hand that gave it. And then thou wilt confesse that this wound makes thee whole: but you will say, My grief is great and heavy, it is as thou feelest it in thy apprehension, heavy if undergone with a feminine spirit. The enemy doth us most mischiefe when wee flie from him: Every evill is most urgent to them that yield to it: flee from it. Thinke of those, as I may say) so many hundred thousand stout Martyrs, and not onely those, but also others which have vanquished dangerous evils. Seneca doth report of one, who while his legs were cutting off, did constantly and undauntedly read on a book. Doest thou but behold the Martyrs Lamed, cut, torn, burnt, stab'd, fryed, roasted, broyled, dying lingringly, with all manner of *Ibid.*

torments. Rub up thy memory on them, and then wonder that thy selfe so like them in other things, yet so unlike them in thy impatience. But you will say the disease will not give you leave to do any thing. Is it so indeed? Look I pray: thy sickness holds thy bodie, not thy minde: so thou art a runner in a Race, yet thy feet are bound, if thou canst use thy mind, and exercise thy spirit: thou wilt perswade, teach, heare, learn, seek, remember even in thy sickness. Furthermore, doest thou thinke thou doest nothing, if in thy sickness thou beest temperate, and quiet? If thou canst demonstrate that thy disease is vanquished, or undergone, thou hast then (believe me) done a great exercise in thy sick bed, and thy work is well-nigh finished.

§ 29

§ 29.

The ſick man to himſelfe, againſt himſelfe.

WHat ſhall I doe? doe I die before I am gray-headed? is it not granted to mee which others enjoy, *Old age*? Behold we are all too expert in this Errour; to think that none but old men are for the Grave: a Biere is as well acquainted with young and ſtrong men, as decrepit folkes? *The crowne of old men is an upright life*, the beautifullest old age is honeſtie. It is better to have the man then his haires to plead reverence. He is wondrous rich in the endowments of old age, who hath worſhipped God, who hath exercised wiſdome, and liv'd well. Sap. 4. 9.

It is more glorious to be a ſenior in Virtue, then yeares. Whoſoever comes to his appointed period, hath liv'd long, and died old: Wee have our Land-marks,

and to touch them is to goe farre enough: but such is our coveteousnesse after long life, that when we are to die wee would seeme but young folks, and unripe to the harvest, though wee can number even then 80 yeers. But why do wee stand still thinking upon the paucitie of our yeers? when as in vain? God hath registred thy time in the Booke of Eternitie, which nor thou, nor any other can alter, or cancell. This is the sentence of God upon all flesh, and they that shall live after thee, are in the pleasure of the Almighty, whither thy time extends to 70, to an 100, or more yeeres, there is no complayning of life in Hell, and in the other World, none shall accuse God, because he gave them not a longer life: they shall condemne themselves in that they managed their life no better. Do thou thus, and think in thy mind of those eternall, that's a profitable losse, to lose a point of time, and to gain Eternity. Most generously said the King of *Macedon*,

I

I meet not my selfe by time, but by Eternitie. Doe thou also consider thy selfe not as a bubble of time, but as created for Eternitie, which hath no limits. Cant. 9. 12.

§ 30.

The sick man to God.

OH my God! the desire of my heart. I a most wretched man, a most vile contemptible worme, lie here fastened in my sick bed, without either the use or strength of hands or feet, an idle, empty, slothfull, unprofitable servant, a lumpe and masse of unfruitfull earth, which have done no work for thee. Yet I desire (O God) I desire to worke in thy Vineyard; to indure cold, hunger, wearinesse, vexation, the Crosse, I desire to suffer hunger or thirst, or any molestation, any heavines, or misery for thy sake.

I have learnt this by the Example of an holy man, who when he

was visited with more sorrow and sicknes then was usuall, he was admonished by another friend of his to entreat God to deale more favourably with him, to whom he answered (as it were in anger) but that I perceive your simplicitie, I should have put you from my company, for saying such words. And presently hee cast himselfe upon the Earth, I give thee thanks (ô God) for these things which thou hast sent mee to suffer. Enlarge my sorrows, multiply my pains, send mee an hundred diseases? I know for certaine, thou wilt with all these give mee patience.

What can I say, but this thing onely, It is too little that I suffer. (ô God) adde (if it be thy good pleasure) more and more to them. I have deserved farre more bitter stripes, then thou (ô mercifull God) hast yet inflicted. Here (ô Lord) spare me not, burne me, cut me, teare me in pieces, onely save me hereafter. If I had an hundred bodies, I would adorne so many

cros-

crosses with them for thy sake, that I may please thee, (ô kinde Father) that I may be but numbred with thy Saints in Glory Everlasting, I weigh not what paines and miseries, I here undergo and suffer, a thousand without any exception, so I may gain thee. Let thy will (ô God) be fully done. For I know that thy service is perfect freedome, to whom both the will and the deed are acceptable, and how often dost accept the will for the deed, and rewardest it equally.

I am now by thy appointment, ô Lord, call'd to rest, my night comes in which I cannot worke. Yet although this my disease takes away from mee the power of working, yet it deprives mee not of the will, I will (ô Lord) I will, and while breath or life continue, for thy love I am ready and willing to doe or suffer as the holy Martyrs and pious Christians, have done and suffered before me. *Say onely (ô Lord) what wilt thou mee have dot?* What must I suffer?

for

for I offer a whole World full of good desires to thee, I will goe to the utmost parts of the Earth, nay, with readinesse and willingnesse to the *Indies*, the tops of Mountains shall not let mee, the great Valleys shall not deterre mee. I will climbe these, travell through those; the vast heaps of snow shal not stop me, nor the lofty waves, I will passe through both. Nor rocks, nor fire, scornings, reproaches, disgraces, shame, accusations all these, none of these shall be able to deterre my course for suffering in thy cause, nor will I for thy love (ô Eternall Wisdom) think much to be counted a fool, I will glory in the title, it is not blows nor death which I will decline for thy sake. Nothing shall be too hard, nothing too bitter, nothing unpleasant, nothing impossible where the cords of thy love doe draw my soule. I shall goe through with all incumbrances, with all oppositions, by thy aid and assistance: and what I cannot doe by strength, I will per-

performe in desires, wherein my hands or feet shall faile, thither will I goe in desire, in affection.

But all these wishes and willings if they be brought to action, will they unlock and open Heaven gates? If I shall bring forth all these specious fruits, shall I then be worthy to be in the presence of God? Ah! ô my Lord God! though I suffer and doe whatsoeuer thy holy Saints have done and suffered, or what they would have done or suffered, yet shal I not be worthy to abide in thy sight one moment: how much lesse then, when as I doe but offer up to thee these small and emptie desires. By what means, then, shall I make my way ready for heaven? (ôh! infinite Goodnesse, if thou shalt not have mercy upon mee I am undone for ever. I shall never be admitted into Heaven, if thy mercy excludes me. There is therefore this one sanctuary, and this one refuge remayning to mee to save me from thy anger and just in-

indignation. Thy mercy (O Lord) is that vast Ocean, and immense Sea, into this I will throw my self, whensoever death shall cast me from the little Hillock of this world, and also while I do possesse this little Tabernacle I will freely and wholly cast my selfe into that bottomlesse Sea of thy infinite mercies: being fully assured, that herein I shall be safe from all the flames and flashes of Hell fire. I cry out therefore with King *David*.

Have mercy upon me, (O God) after thy great goodnesse, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out all mine offences.

wash mee throughly from my wickednesse, and cleanse mee from my sinne.

So also in my greatest extremities, in my last and uttermost houre of my life, when my soule must goe forth from her old decayed house, with all my ardentest and earnestest desires I will and wish that one thing: yea, while I live and am wel in health,

de-

deliberately and affectionately, I thirst after those pleasant Rivers of waters, yea, at my gaspe I desire that my sigh may signifie so much, as when an Angele that lonely cry and sigh for this one favour at thy hands:

Have mercy upon me (O GOD) after thine owne goodnesse, according to the multitude of thy tender compassions, &c.

§ 31.

The sick mans sure and true confidence in God.

IT is a serious businesse, and no childish art, *to die*, and well may the sicke man bee asked, wilt thou wholly commit thy selfe to the hazard of Eternitie? thou entrest into an unknowne way, and whither wilt thou come? to which the sick may answer, not to mutter as those wretches who say, *I am compeld, I must*, but rather in an upright course, let him say, *I doe willingly and*

and wholly give my soule, so I commit my selfe to Eternity, so I depart hence joyfully.

So, even so, let healthy men say and think, but especially such as are ready to die: both these may truly say, hitherto I have begun to die onely, now I doe so. Now I begin my journey to Eternity: and because Gods mercy knows no end, and exceeds all measure, I goe on without dread. *In thee (ô Lord) have I put my trust, let mee never be put to confusion.* I hope, never, never (ô Lord) and though there be a thousand witnesses out of the sacred Writt to confirme my hope in this point, yet let mee not despise the excellent Councell which that *Roman* wise man affords, That we should think of Death, and the returne from Death. Thus the Ancients have delivered their minds.

When that day shall come which shall separate my soule from my body, I shall leave this body, where I found it: but I my selfe shall be restored to God.

Nei-

Neither am I now without him, onely I am detained by this heavy earthy body of flesh: by these delays we make a preparation for that Eternall and better life. For as the wombe of our mother holds us nine moneths, and prepares us not for her selfe, but for that place into which we are sent, being now fit to take breath, and to live abroad: so from the space of our infancie, to our old age, wee are fitting for another birth, another spring expects us, wee expect another state. Wee are not here fit for Heaven but by distance, yet here wee are fitted for it. Wherefore undaunredly looke for that decretory houre: though last to the body, yet not to the soule. Whatsoever things thou doest here behold, looke upon them as bundels of trumperies not worth transportation. Wee must passe. The day which thou so mightily feareſt as thy last, is but the birth-day of Eternity. The day will come that shall reveale thee: and will bring thee out

of

of thy rotten, and flitting tent. Meditate now on diviner matters. Natures secrets shall once be disclosed to thee: this darknes shall vanish, and light shall shine bright for ever. No cloud shall dim or obscure the serenity of that day, Heaven shall then perfectly be seen: day and night are the courses of this lower Region. thou wilt then say, thou hast but liv'd in darknes, when thou shalt clearly behold that light, which now thou hast but a glimpse off: and yet admirest at, though afar off. What will that ivine Light seem to thee, when thou shalt behold it in its owne place? the thought of this will permit no base or sordid, no abjected or inhumane thing to reside in thy minde.

What can be more holy (ô Christians) let us always thinke on, and meditate these things, no good man dies ill, no ill man, well. Death is the neareſt way to Eternitie.

§ 32

§ 32.

Constantly.

CONstantly (I beseech you) constantly, there is no patience, where there is no constancy: but some may say, this is the second, third, fourth, or fifth, or ninth week, in which I have layn sick. Another may say, this is the second third, fourth, fifth, or ninth moneth since I fell sick. There will not want others to object, that this is the second, third, fourth, fifth, or ninth yeare, or more, that hee hath been visited. Oh good men! it is not the signe of a patient man, to call, to mind, and calculate so exactly his dayes, moneths, and yeares of visitation. Endure I pray you. Endure and loose not the recompence of reward for a little suffering, reserve your selves for better thing. That's but a point of time in which I suffer. If I looke upon

upon Eternity. All our travaile is short, our rest is everlasting. There have beene those who have been sick all their life-long.

Saint *Gregory* commends one *Servulus*, who from his childhood to his dying day was troubled grievously with a Palsie, so that he could not lift up his hands to his mouth, or turn in his bed, and yet he got all the Bible by heart, by hearing it read to him, what was his life but a ling'ring death? and as he was daily dying, so he usually had this speech ready, *God be thanked*. All his yeeres though so full of misery and pains, yet he held them as nothing to Eternitie.

There was a Virgin at *Schiedam*, called *Lydwina*, who for 38 yeares together, was afflicted with divers diseases, even as that Beggar was at the fish-poole: thou mightest truelyer have said, this Maid to have beene dead then alive, who spent so many yeares in and amongst so many sorts of troubles and diseases. Diversity of tor-

torments seemed to have jointly set upon her: scarce for those 30 yeers did she eat so much bread as one able man would have done in three days, and she was not onely troubled with extream sickness, but also with great povertie and exigencie: Yet in her sickness this *Lydwine* cried out constantly, *Oh! good Jesus have mercy upon me.* She was wont to say that these 38 yeers of sickness were nothing reckoned to Eternity.

But I will record another that past *Servulus*, or *Lydwina*, in the number of torments and sicknesses. One *Coleta* a Virgin of *Corbeia*, who indured an incredible measure of pains for the space of 50 yeers, without intermission patiently, and scarce slept one houre in eight dayes together: she was tormented in her minde as well as in her bodie: and that, which shee reckoned amongst the kindnesses and favours of the Lord was, that her torments were answerable to those of the blessed Martyrs. One being still sent upon

on another, she would usually say, O could I at once, patiently suffer the furie of all Feavers together! This fearfull continuation of diseases for above 50 yeeres did this female creature patiently go under, and bore comfortably, and to her they seemed nothing to Eternitie. This blessed Maid said as once, Saint *Bernard*, my work is but for one houre, or it a little longer I count it as nothing for the love I beare to my Saviour.

That as well the sound as the sick may determine holinesse in their minds, and bring it forth in their works and actions, and from good words proceed to good deeds, wee have added these prayers following, for the confirming and establishing them in those holy duties.

A Prayer to be said continually of the sound, sick, and dying men.

MOst sweet Lord Iesus Christ in the union of that love, by which thou offeredst thy selfe up to thy Father, doe I offer up my heart and soule to thee, that thy good will and pleasure may be done of me and by me. Sweet Jesus I desire and choose thy will to be done: let my sufferings be never so great, let sicknes and death approach, yet I commit my selfe wholly to thy faithful providence, and divine will. For I hope, and entreat, that thou wouldst direct me, and all that belong unto mee to thy glory and everlasting salvation. *Amen.*

2 *A Prayer to conforme our selves to Gods will.*

O Lord Jesus Christ, which for thy own glory and our salvation mingl'est joy with heavinesse, and for our progresse in grace dost suffer us to partake of adversity and prosperity, I give thanks unto thee, that thou of thy goodnesse hast caused mee to be troubled, and to beare this affliction. I desire thy favour (ô Saviour) to let such fruit and benefit grow from it, as thou approvest and desirest, and that it may not be hindred by my impatience or unthankfulnesse. Streech forth thy hand (ô Lord) and come and helpe mee thy sicke servant; as once thou didst stretch it forth and sav'd *Peter* thy Apostle from drowning in the waves. So let (I beseech thee) thy arme of power save mee from sinking under this present cross & sicknes: according to thy power, so let thy will be (ô Lord)

Lord) I entreat thee to let this preſent bitter Cup, ſo troubleſome to fleſh and bloud to paſſe away from me: as thou diddeſt heare and deliver *Ezekias*, when hee cryed unto thee: Notwithſtanding not my will, but thine (which is always righteous and holy) be done. Thou onely haſt the power of judging and diſcerning, and thou knoweſt beſt the medicines to cure our diſeaſes. Oh my moſt loving Saviour! reprove, correct, and chaſtize me, burn me, cut me in pieces, onely ſave me everlaſtingly Let not the flames of hell lay hold upon me. I know thy rod comforts as well as thy ſtaffe, thou doeſt I know chaſtize thy beloved ſons, and by chaſtizements doeſt purge, exerciſe and proveſt them, before thou putteſt upon them the crowne of glory. My heart, my heart (ô Lord) is ready, how, and when thou wilt be pleaſed to prove my patience, and ſubject mee under the rod. My truſt is in thee, let me not be confounded for ever. I

submit my selfe, and wholly resigne my self to thy heavenly will and pleasure, though thou kill, yet will I trust in thee. My lot is in thy hands, to dispose, let it fall to me in a good ground. *Amen.*

3 *A Prayer to obtaine patience.*

O Almighty GOD, Thou knowst what a weake, frail, and vile piece of earth I am, yet the worke of thy hands, who was framed of the dust, who am blown and withered by every blast of winde, and shall at last againe returne to dust, there is nothing that I have wherein I can trust. for I have within mee the spirit striving against the flesh, and about me the flesh against the spirit. I find motions of Anger, Impatience, Fearfulnes, Diffidence, and divers other perturbations to rise within mee, if thou onely doest but touch me with thy hand. I desire therefore thy helpe (o hea-

heavenly Physician) and that heavenly medicine of thine (called Patience) to be communicated to me: ô! Patience it is the easement of all diseases.

Give mee (ô Lord) in all estates to carry my selfe orderly, submissively, and to beare prosperity without pride, adversitie without repining, whither thou sendest health, or sicknes, I may entertain them as proceeding from thy fatherly hands, and so being assured they are good, because they come from thee, & thou makest all things worke for the best to them that feare thee. *Amen.*

Let thy holy Spirit teach and instruct me. And so much the rather, O Lord help, because there is none fighteth for mee but onely thou (ô God) and that thy strength may be perfected in my weakenesse. So that I may truly say, Thy rod and thy staffe have comforted me, and thy good grace assisting me, I may look upon thy Son and my Saviour Jesus with

comfort, which shewed himselfe a pattern of all patience, to all patient men grant this I beseech for thy mercy sake in Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

---

4 *A Prayer for the increase of Patience.*

OUr life (ô Lord) is a pilgrimage from Exile and Banishment to our Country, and lest the pleasantnesse of the way should detaine or keepe us back, from comming speedily and comfortably to thee (ô God) thou stirrest us up by Goads, and hastens us by pricks in our sides, that so we may the more eagerly desire rest, and to bee at our journeys end: therefore diseases, griefs, teares, mournings, sorrows are as so many spurs to haste our dull natures, and to encourage them to make speed to their quiet repose. Cause us (ô Lord) to forget the tediousnesse of the way, and to remember our Country,

trey, and if thou pleaſeſt to lay on load upon our ſhoulders, lay on ſtrength likewiſe and patience to carry it quietly and cheerfully. having all our intentions and hopes fixed upon thee, but ſeeing all things are at thy diſpoſing. Make all things (ô Lord) worke together in thy unſearchable wiſdome, that I may never prove an enemy to thee. *Amen.*

A Prayer containing a full reſignment of the ſickman into Gods hand and will.

OMoſt comfortable and ſweet Lord God, be mindfull I pray thee, and mercifully conſider mee thy poore creature: but thou, Lord, art my creatour, behold (ô Lord) I doe wholly give and reſigne my ſelf unto thy diſpoſing, and ordering. I am ready and prepared (ô Lord) to endure what thy fatherly hand ſhall lay upon mee. Deal with mee as thou

pleaſeſt in time, and for Eternity: Whatſoever thou (ô heavenly Father) haſt determined upon me, and of me with all Humilitie I am reſolved to beare. I will take all things well at thy hands, whither Good or Evill, ſweet or ſowre joy, or heavineſſe: and will for all give thanks unto thee. Keepe me (ô Lord) from all ſin, and ſo I will neither feare death nor hell. Becauſe thou wilt not deſtroy the work of thine owne hands, nor blot me out of the booke of life: no tribulation ſhall be grievous unto mee: be preſent (ô ſweet Jeſus) with me at all times, in all places, and let mee comfort my ſelfe in this, that thou only art my comfort and conſolation, and if at any time thou ſhalt be pleaſed to withdraw thy comfortable preſence from me, yet then I will be comforted in thy tryall of me, becauſe it is for my good. Thy holy Name be now and ever, above all things (ô Saviour) magnified and bleſſed. *Amen.*

6 Another short Prayer to the same purpose.

O Love ineffable, ô sweet Jesu, my God, if thou wouldest give me my desire, and wouldest promise to give what I should request, I would not desire any thing, but what I suffer. This, this I would desire and request a thousand times, that thy most gracious will according to thy good pleasure may be always done in me, of me, by me for evermore. *Amen.*

A Prayer for conformity of our wils to the divine will.

O Sweet Jesu! I neither desire Life nor Death, but onely thy will be done. I wait upon thee. If it be thy good pleasure (sweet Jesu) that I shall die, I doe humbly intreat thee to receive my spirit, and though I come in at Evening, one of the last amongst the Work-

men, grant yet that I may be with thee, and receive everlasting rest in and through thee, but, if thou so pleaseſt (ô ſweet Jeſu) that my life ſhall be prolonged, I purpoſe then, and reſolve, and for this I do intreat thy ſuffrage and the aſſiſtance of thy grace, that the reſidue of my life may be amended, & be offered up to thee wholly as a pleaſing ſacrifice, to thy glory, and according to thy good will. *Amen.*

Another Prayer to obtain the ſame thing as only neceſſary.

O Lord Jeſus Chriſt, I beſeech thee by thy love, which invited thee ſo willingly to take all our burdens upon thee, that thou would deſt make me to take my viſitation patiently, and thankfully, as comming by thy Fatherly providence, and according to thy good will, and proceeding out of thy love and affection towards me; give me aſſiſtance to take it quietly, to beare it patiently, to reſigne my ſelfe to thy

hy goodneſſe, and well liking, nd give mee that ſtrengh and rowth in grace, that I may not ffend thee in the leaſt: nor ever epart from, or diſlike thy godly ill: and (ô Saviour) unite my ill with thy moſt holy *B neplaci-*, that what I wiſh may pleaſe ee. *Amen.*

A Prayer to obtain Patience.

O Lord my God, I confeſſe I have not lived as I ought to have done, & as by grace I might have done. I am ſorry at my heart, and it grieves mee that I cannot grieve more. I humbly beſeech thee (ô Lord) that thou wouldſt not deale with me after my ſins, but according to thy great mercies: thou ô God, which haſt laid ſtripes on the outward man, give the inward man indeficient Patience: So that thy praiſe may never depart from my mouth, Have mercy upon mee, (ô Lord) have mercy upon me, and help mee: for thou

men, grant yet that I may be wit
thee, and receive everlasting re
in and through thee, but, if tho
so pleaseſt (ô ſweet Jeſu) that m
life ſhall be prolonged, I purpo
then, and reſolve, and for this
do intreat thy ſuffrage and the
ſiſtance of thy grace, that the re
due of my life may be amended,
be offered up to thee wholly a
pleaſing ſacrifice, to thy glory, a
according to thy good will. *Ame*

---

*). Another Prayer to obtain the ſam
thing as only neceſſary.*

O Lord Jeſus Chriſt, I beſee
thee by thy love, which invit
thee ſo willingly to take all o
burdens upon thee, that thou wo
deſt make me to take my viſitatio
patiently, and thankfully, as co
ming by thy Fatherly providenc
and according to thy good will
and proceeding out of thy love a
affection towards me; give me a
ſiſtance to take it quietly, to bea
it patiently, to reſigne my ſelfe
th

thy goodneſſe, and well liking, and give mee that ſtrength and growth in grace, that I may not offend thee in the leaſt: nor ever depart from, or diſlike thy godly will: and (ô Saviour) unite my will with thy moſt holy *Beneplacite*, that what I wiſh may pleaſe thee. *Amen.*

A Prayer to obtain Patience.

O Lord my God, I confeſſe I have not lived as I ought to have done, & as by grace I might have done. I am ſorry at my heart, and it grieves mee that I cannot grieve more. I humbly beſeech thee (ô Lord) that thou wouldſt not deale with me after my ſins, but according to thy great mercies: thou ô God, which haſt laid ſtripes on the outward man, give the inward man indeficient Patience: So that thy praiſe may never depart from my mouth. Have mercy upon mee, (ô Lord) have mercy upon me, and help mee: for thou

knoweſt what is good for my ſoul, and body: thou knoweſt all things thou canſt doe all things, to thee bee prayſe for evermore. *Amen.*

A Prayer after receiving of the holy Communion to Jeſus Chriſt.

GLory and prayſe be given to thee (ô Chriſt) who in thy gracious goodneſſe wouldſt vouchſafe to viſit and cheriſh up my poore ſoule. *Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace according to thy word.* Now I hold thee (ô ſweet Love) I will not let thee go. I willingly bid Adiew to the whole World, and with joy I come to thee, *ô my God.* Nothing at all, nothing ſhall ſeparate mee from thee (ô *good Jeſus*) for I am joyned to thee, in thee I will live, in thee I will die, and in thee, if thou wilt, I will remayn for ever. I live, but not I, but Chriſt liveth in me. My ſoule now is weary of my life.

I

I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. For hee is to mee in life and death advantage. Now though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, yet will I feare none evill, because thou art with me (*ô Lord*). And as *the Hart desires the Fountains of waters, even so longeth my soule after thee* (*ô God.*) *My soule hath thirsted after God the fountaine of living waters. When shall I come and appeare before the presence of God?*

Blesse me, most loving Iesus, and now dismisse me in peace, because I am truly thine, and I will never for all time part with thee. O could this happy union be now made! Oh! might I be wholly in thee. Oh! that my soul might for ayé rest in thy imbracings, and partake always of thy presence. What have I any longer to doe or to be pestered with the World, (*ô* most loving *Iesus*?) Behold, *whom have I in heaven but thee, and whom have I desired on earth in comparison of thee. Into thy hands* (*ô LORD*) *doe I commend my soule*, receive mee (oh sweet Love) that

that I may ever be with thee, and that in thee I may lye downe and take my rest; for thou onely makest me dwell in safety. *Amen.*

The conclusion of the second Book,

To the Reader.

WEe have said thus much hitherto to the sound, and sick, partly to recreate them, that they may live, to excite them, that they may watch, to strengthen them to overcome, that they might always be ready for Deaths assaults. It is better to try any course then to dye ill: An ill death is not onely the

the worſt of all errours, but it is irrecoverable, inexpiable.

Now we come to dying men, and preſcribe documents for them, not onely that they ſhould read them when they are dying, but ſpecially in health to profit them againſt Death.

To

A Death *strikes, and with his* Ax *fels burly* Okes
There's not a Tree that stands his single strokes.

B *Fly hence: Your* House *begins to crack: it falls*
Get under ground: there ye'll find safer walls.

C Beast, Fish, *and* Fowle, *wee catch with wiles and snares:*
But Death hurls darts at us, and no Man spares.

D *Be not dismay'd, though* Sculs *from Heaven drop:*
From mortall seed springs an immortall crop.

E *As* Waters *from* Aquarius *pitchey drill;*
So runs Mans life; Lib. a *tryes, well or ill?*

F *The* Sun *goes down, but 'tis to bring new day:*
So man doth dye, that he may live for ay.

G *The game's our own: The* Deer's *pent up:*
No way to flie.
Dogs, Huntsmen, Darts, Nets, Toyls, *all tell him,* He must die.

G

THE Remembrance of DEATH is presented to dying Men.

The third Book.

§ 1.

The Art of dying compendiously handled.

NOt to know how to die is the most wretched folly: that therefore wee may learne that, which through all our lives we ought to learn, fiue things are specially considerable, which may make Death good.

First,

First, a free and undaunted mind: this is a thing of great value, on which do depend the rest.
Ps. 54. 6. *An offering of a free heart will I give thee.* Nothing doth more please God, nothing more benefits man, then an undaunted, willing, ready soule, and a generous confidence in God. Tergiversation, and giving back, argues a will nothing conformable to Gods. Therefore if at some time to be done, why not now? to get such a prompt mind for death is, to love and meditate on seriously the passion of our Lord, which every day is to be considered on with Prayers.

The second, a speedy and expedite dispatch and disposing of our debts, and goods by will. It is an errour not to think of making our wils untill Death be entred over the threshold.

Discharge thy debts, dispose thy goods, before
Pale grimfac'd death doth come to knock at doore.

Saint *Ambrose* hath given us an ex-

excellent rule and method for the disposing of our own goods. Let there be (saith hee) sincerity of faith, quick sighted providence: or let charity be joyned with prudence, and prudence linked to charity: and let him that giveth an Almes, or taketh care that it be given, let him doe, that God may accept of the gift and the person giving.

The third is a speciall care of our salvation, let that be reckoned of in the first place. *One thing is necessary.* Blessed *Saint Augustine* (the pattern of well dying men) ten days before his Death, admitted no Visitants, onely at a set houre his Physician, and a servant which brought in his dyet: and hee himselfe was poured out in prayers, teares, and sighes, hee conversed with GOD, concerning his life, and left admonishments to us in these words, *Nullus Christianorum, &c.* Let no Christian depart hence untill hee have fully and worthily repented him of his sins. Luk. 10, 42.

The

The fourth is the receiving of the Communion; and to this the ſicke party ſhould bee ready and prepared, ſ this great werke ſtould not bee too long put off, nor deferr'd till Death have poſſeſſed him, it is dangerous to neglect this: many die ill, becauſe they ſeeme to deſire, not to die ſo ſoone; hee that will earneſtly repent him of his ſinnes, let him do it early, and contrition of ſpirit is excellent to a ſicke mans ſalvation

The fifth is a pious and entire oblation of himſelf to Gods good will. Every man perhaps cannot exhibit a mind undaunted in ſickneſſe, but every man ought to ſhew a minde conformable to the will of God. Let therefore the ſick party often in the time of his viſitation repeat theſe words of our Mat. 11. 26. Saviour. *Even ſo Father, becauſe it ſeemed good in their eyes.* So (O Father) even ſo, &c. There is no feare of that mans periſhing, who ſo effectually can reconcile himſelfe with the Judge.

§ 2.

How to recover time ill spent and lost.

WHosoever desires earnestly to redeem lost time, let him turn away himselfe from all vanities, and seriously meditate upon Eternity, in which he shall see God: and in Him all things are to be found, and recovered that are lost: here let him fix his thoughts and expresse himselfe to God in these or the like terms.

O my eternall God! I do heartily wish, that from the day of my birth to the day of my death: I had lived before thee in puretie, obedience, and holinesse: O would to God! I had lived as all those men did, who by following the practice of grace and vertue, did please God in all their trials and troubles. O! that I could for thy love weep my self into teares, and be always helpfull to the poore and needy; O! that I could afford comfort to the com-

comfortlesse! and love thee with that ardencie that all thy blessed Saints and Angels doe! for it is fit and due that all prayses should be given to thee. And now ô my God have mercy upon mee according to thy infinite wisdome and good pleasure. Of such the Psalmist hath pronounced, *that they shal die ful of days*, now (as *Gregory* saith) They die in a full age, who doe that worke in this passing and fleeting time, which will never fade or passe away, Hee hath recovered and repaired time that was lost, who hath truly sorrowed, that he hath lost it.

---

§ 3.

How a short life is to be made long.

A Well minded man must look, not how long he can live, but how long he ought to live: the Wise man saith, *Hee being made* Wisd. 4. 13. *per-*

perfect in a short time fulfilled a long time. Well may hee say, hee hath liv'd long, which comprehends all perfection: for he hath finished his course, which passeth to Eternity? he lives long who hath lived religiously; wee are not to reckon long life by the number of yeers, but by the number of vertues: he may worthily be said to have finished his time, which at no time would lose or leave his piety, his goodnesse: therefore an unwearied care and study of profiting and going on in goodnesse; and a daily indeavour to perfection, is reputed and esteemed *perfection* it self.

---

§ 4.

There is an end of all things, but Eternity is endlesse.

WHy may wee not be cheerfull and sing some Elegies to, or before a sick man, especially if it be the custome of the place? *Iacoponus*

ponus an holy man of life, wri
certain merry Verſes, in whic
very pleaſantly he hath deſcribe
the vanities of the world, and the
precipices of Death, and I have
here Engliſhed them.

1

Cur Mundus militat ſub vana glori
Cujus proſperitas eſt tranſitoria?
Tam citò labitur ejus potentia,
Quam veſa figuli, quæ ſunt fragilia.

Engliſhed.

Why wars and ſtrives the world fo
ſuch vain glory
whoſe great proſperity is tranſitoria?
So ſoone and ſooner doth her powe
decay
Then Potters veſſels or frail things
clay.

2

Dic ubi Salomon *olim tam nobilis*
Vel ubi Sampſon *dux invincibilis,*
Vel

Vel pulcher Absalon, *vultu mirabilis*
Vel dulcis, Jonathan *multùm amabilis.*

Englished.

Tell me where's Solomon *that King so wise,*
Or where now that stout Champion Sampson *lies,*
Or where is Absalon *so faire to th' sight,*
Or where is Ionathan *so love'y bright?*

3

Quo Cæsar *abiit* Celsus *Imperio,*
Vel Dives *Epulo totus in prandio,*
Dic ubi Tullius *clausi eloquio,*
Vel Aristoteles *summus ingenio?*

Englished.

Where is that lofty royall Cæsar *gone,*
Or where that purpled, rich, high fed Glutton,
Where's Tully *who in Eloquence did abound,*
Or Aristotle *for his wit renown'd.*

4

Tot clari Proceres, tot rerum ſpatia
Tot ora Præſu'um, tot Regna fortia,
Tot mundi Principes, tanta potentia,
In ictu oculi claudentur omnia.

Engliſhed.

So many high born Nobles, ſo great
things,
So many Clergiemen, ſo many Kings,
So many Princes, ſo great Powers ſo
high,
Are all ſhut up in th'twinckling of an
eye?

5

Quàm breve feſtum eſt hæc mundi
gloria,
Vt umbra hominis ſunt ejus gaudia,
Quæ ſemper ſubtrahunt æterna præ-
mia,
In ictu oculi claudentur omnia.

Engliſhed.

How

How short's the Feast of worldly glory found;
Our joys are but as shadows on the ground,
They doe substract from our reward on high.
And are shut up in th' twinkling of an eye.

All these are true, and most true is that, that they are all so soone concluded, and shut up. It is the saying of Saint Gregory, *All the length of the time of this present life is but a point, being it is terminated with an end.* And hee confirmes it again, saying, *whatsoever hath a period is but little and short.* For that cannot seem to us to be long, that goes on with the course of time, till it be not: which, while it goes on by minutes, is driven on by them to its end: and may be decern'd from whence it may be held, but is driven thither, where it cannot be held. Saint *Augustine* most cleerly, *All the time* (I speak not of this present unto the end of the world), *but even of that from* Adam

to the end of the world, is but as a little drop compared to Eternity. All things have an *Exit*, but Eternity hath none, none at all. In the World there is nothing whose end is not neere? Banquets and Dances end, all sports and laughters end: but never Eternity. In a moment Vessels and Ships where they were but even now becalm'd and safe at Anchor, presently after are sunke and perish. The swarming Theatres for pastimes doe suddenly fall. In a trice all pleasures have their vanishings. In a minute all things shall have a grave. Why doe wee therefore follow, and pursue such short vanities? That cannot delight a noble spirit, which is not durable; all things are concluded in the twinkling of an eye. Whatsoever had beginning shall have end. Onely Eternity is void of a period.

§ 5.

The consideration of a dying Man.

JOb that Maſter of patience ſaith, *The waters wear the ſtones,* Iob 14. *and as the earth is waſhed away* 19. 10. *by the flouds, ſo ſhalt thou deſtroy man, Thou ſtrengthenest him by little and little, and ſo hee paſſeth away for ever, Thou changeſt his beauty, and ſendeſt him away.* What a few Ceremonies doth God uſe, when he ſends men out of this World into another? He doth but change his beauty, and ſo hee is commanded to be gone elſwhere. Then, certainly when Death cals, the beauty is wholly chang'd; and as *Hippocrates* in his book of *Prenotations* obſerves, Man is alter'd, as it were cleane contrary to what hee was, his Noſe is ſharpe, his Eyes are hollow, and ſunke into his Head, his Temples are falne, his Eares are drawne together, the

ends of them turn'd backwards, the skin of his fore-head hard and rough with wrinkles, his countenance is wanne and pale, with some yellows, sometimes like lead, blacke, blew, his lips are looſed, hanging with weakneſſe whitiſh, his teeth are blacke, his neck is conſumed and growne leanſ, all things are changed; ſo that hee ſeems (as it were) to be another perſon; ſo when God hath changed a mans countenance, he ſends him to his long home. Paſſe on (ô man) paſſe on to thy houſe of eternity from ſuch a little-little point of time, ſo many Volumes of Ages depend, which are not to bee reckoned up by any date of time.

§ 6.

We ought to prepare for Death before it comes.

IT was a wiſe man ſaying, *Moriendum eſſe, antequam mori cogaris*, (i.e) that thou ſhouldſt die before

— fore

fore thou be compelled to die. S. *Paul* did not onely dy once, or often, but daily: affirming that of himself, *I die daily.* 1 Cor. 15 3.

Gregory the Great, the higher hee gained preferment in the *Church*, the more glorious beams of Sanctity did he send forth; this most vigilant Pastor did seem to be dead before death, for not long before his Obit, hee himselfe described his own condition. *Such bitternesse of spirit, such an assiduous grievance, such molestation of the Gout doe afflict mee, that my body is as even dryed up already in the grave, so that I cannot rise up from my bed.*

Cosmus Medices being at the point of death, whe as he was ask'd of his wife, why he shut his eyes, before he was dead, Answered, I do accustome them so that, that when they shal be shut up by death they may bear it well. This is an excellent kind of death, then to shut our eys especially, when any deadly pleasure doth intice them: be sure thou doest die, lest thou

shouldst die, ô shut them betimes. Wisely did *Seneca* advise *Lucilius*, *Doe that before the day of thy death, let thy sins be dead before thy selfe.*

§ 7.

Those that buried themselves.

Paetinius being Governour in *Syria* for *Tiberius Cæsar*, did daily so give himselfe to wine and feastings, that as hee was carried to his bed from Supper, his servants with great applause sung these words to him, *Vixit, vixit,* (i.e.) He hath liv'd, he hath liv'd. What was this, but every day to be carried about to his buriall? *Seneca* said well of him, *That* (saith he) *which hee did daily out of an ill conscience, let us doe by a good one, that when wee are gone to bed, and about to sleep, with comfort and rejoycing we may say: wee have liv'd:* if God shall lend us the next morning, let us entertaine it with cheerfulnesse. His a blessed and

secure

secure Possessor of himselfe, who expects the next morning without distrust or distraction.

Labienus the Historian for his inveighing writings termed *Rabienus*, was so hated that all his Books were burnt; *Labienus* not enduring this, and not willing to out-live his wit, did desire to be carried out, and buried in the Sepulchre of his Ancestors where he did end and bury himselfe, and what is wonderfull, liv'd when he was buried, and was buried while he liv'd

Storax a Neapolitan not long since, a very rich man, delicate, and a proud, Governour or Overseer for the yeerly provision of Corne, having got this office by base and indirect means, the common people hated him exceedingly, so that being overcome with hunger, they fell violently upon the man: he seeking to escape their fury and rage, did hide himself in a Sepulchre in a Church, but at last being found, and beaten with stones, was cut into small Gobbets,

bers, and his very bloud was lick up of many, so that his bones wanted a Grave. Hee had this Epitaph made upon him.

Storax qui vivus subjit sepulchrum,
Mirum, defunctus caruit sepulchro.

(i.e.)

Storax who living went into his grave
Strange, that being dead, no sepulchre could have.

Albertus the Great leaving *Ratisbona*, came to *Colen*, where though strictly being devoted to Mortification and Contempt of this World, so that hee forgat all worldly delights, yet would hee continually view the place of his intended buriall.

Severus President of *Ravenna*, while hee was healthy went into his Tombe, and placing himselfe in the middle betwixt his wife

which

which he had, had; and his daughter, there died.

Philoxenus of *Galata* is said to dwel six yeers amongst the graves of the dead, that by this meanes hee might overcome the feare of death. *Palladius* c. 13.

Polemon of *Laodicea*, (as *Suidas* witnesseth) the Scholer of *Timocrates* the Philosopher, the Master of *Aristides* the Orator, being 56 yeers of age cast himselfe into a deepe Sepulchre being urged thereunto by the bitter paines of the *Gout*, and there died of hunger: and before his death his friends, and neighbours lamenting his case, desired him to come forth by their help, it is reported of him that hee answered them thus, *Provide me a more healthy body, and I will come up.* *Suidas* V. Polo.

Wee may wonder at these but not imitate them, unlesse in this manner, as (Saint *Paul* speaks) *ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.* That Philosophers counsell is good. *Vive latens*, (i.e.) live hid. For as another said, *Her* Colos 3.

lives

lives well, that lives retiredly. This man may be said to be profitably dead and buried, the private life is freest from incumbrances and inconveniences. Whose life is to publick, often dyes unknowne to himself. The private life is fullest of quietnesse.

§ 8.

A consideration of our Sepulchre.

Phthia] pro sepulchro,

Tertia me Phthiæ *tempestas læta habebit.*

Englished.

The third great sickness shall
Give me a glad funerall.

Thus said *Socrates* presaging of his own death, this word *Phthia*, is meant for nothing else but the Coffin or the grave, to which all must come.

No house may so truly be said to

be ours, as our graves. This *Iacoponus* a religious man and pleasant taught by a witty Act of his, A Citizen of *Todi* in *Vmbria*, had bought two young Chickens being about to send them home, by chance he espyed *Iacoponus* in the Market, to whom he turning said, I pray you doe mee that favour and kindnesse as to carry these two Chickens home to my house, and be sure you leave them there and doe not deceive me, Trust me (saith he) I will doe as you have bidden me, and I will carry them indeed unto the house, and so forthwith taking them, went directly to his Parish Church, and came to his Sepulchre which was reserved for him, and in that (as well as hee could) hee hid the two Chickens. Well the Citizen comming home to his house, presently asked for his two Chickens, his servants all denied flatly, that they saw no such thing brought thither; so the Citizen going againe into the Market, met *Iacoponus* again, And said to him, I thought indeed

that

than thou wouldst not doe as thou shouldst, and that thou wouldst deceive me, but tell me in earnest where are my Chickens? to whom *Iacopanus* replyed, I carried them to your house as you commanded me, but said the other all my servants and houshold know nothing of the matter: Come along with mee (good man) replyed *Iacopanus*, and I will make it appeare to be true before your owne eyes. So hee forthwith brought him into the Church, and to his owne Sepulchre, and having removed a little stone (hee said) and *friend is not this your house?* so the Citizen was struck with the Action and received his Chickens, with this witty admonition. *Iob* spoke most truly, *I know thou wilt deliver mee to death, where every man living finds his house.*

§ 9.

Nine formes of wills, or Testaments.

Plinius Iunior said true, that what was commonly reported for truth was false, that every mans will was the looking glasse of his life and manners.

1 *Ziska a Bohemian* Leader, a great Souldier, and a resolute Commander, by his Will bequeathed his body to Birds or Beasts, and bee with'd his Souldiers to make a Drum head of his skin, and with'd them not to spare the Couents or Monasteries, which they did accordingly. He died in the yeer 1424.

2 A certaine foolish woman gaue by Will to her Cat five hundred Crowns, that her Cat might have means to feed upon. Oh the madnesse! oh the folly of divers folks! It was *Caesar Augustus* that said of *Herod*, It was better to be

He-

Herod. Hog then his Son: and who may not as well say of this foolish woman, It is better to be her Cat, then her Servant.

3 A great usurer being about to die, having cald the Scrivener, and witnesses, was desirous to make his last Will, which hee did in form following. Let my body be laid into the earth from whence it was taken, and let my soule be given to the Devils, at the hearing of which words his friends and all that were about him began to wonder, and began to admonish and to chide him: but he repeated it again and again. Let my soule (said he) be given to Devils, because I have gotten my Goods by unjust means as by oppression, extortion and the like: and let the Devils likewise take the souls of my wife and children, because they forc'd me to take so much usury to maintain their pride and clothing, and banketting, and luxury, and he said it and dyed. O wretched man, thou madest these thy heires, fearfull to thinke of thy estate.

4 Saint

4 Saint *Hieromie* doth stop the greedy covetousnesse of heires with this Apologie. A little Hog seem'd to grunt and repine at his Sires death, but when hee had heard the Will read, and perceived that hee had a great heape of Acorns, and certaine measures of Corn bequeath'd to him, hee was still; being asked why hee did so suddenly refraine his teares and griefe? Answered, the Acorns and the Corne had stopt his Cry. Truly here is the Weeping of many Heires even to this day, but when they heare what portions, what houshold stuffe, what moneys and other legacies are bequeath'd to them, they are presently glad, and care not much for the life of the Testator.

5 *Hieron* a Martyr the fourth day before hee was brought out to suffer, bequeath'd all his goods to his mother and sister; and his hand which was to be cut off, to *Rufficius* of *Ancyra*.

6 *Hilarion* at the age of 80 yeers appointed by Will to be his

Hire,

Heire, *Hesychius* (who was absent) in this manner following. All my wealth, to wit, my Bible, my Coat, and my Hood, I bequeath to my loving friend *Hesychius*, this was the catalogue of all his houshold-stuffe.

7 *Anthony* the Great made his will in this manner, No man knows the place of my Tombe, but your hearty love, but for my vestments let them be thus divided; my Hood and my worn Coat I give to *Athanasius*, which he gave to mee new, let *Serapion* have my other Hood, and you my Goats haire garment: and so farewell o yee my bowels, for *Anthony* is going from hence: Hee had scarce ended these words, and his Schollers embraced him, stretching out his feet a little he imbraced death with a cheerfull countenance.

S. Athan. in vit. Anton. 58

8 *John* Patriarch of *Alexandria*, called the Elemosynary, wrote his last Will in Tables in these words. I thank thee (o my God,) that thou wouldst not let mee

have

have of all my treasure but onely one piece left, when I was named Patriarch of *Alexandria*, I found 80 hundred of Gold, and to them my friends added almost an innumerable sum of mony, which all, because they were Gods, I did give them to God, for I bestowed them on the poore, and so shall even that one piece thats left be likewise given to them. Here that is most true. That the most expedite and quickest way to make a Will, is to give all the rest to the poore.

9 Here shall bee added the forme of a Wil for any Christian, onely let the name, yeat and day be only altered, all things else will suit and fit to all sorts of men.

I *Athanius Victor* do make speed to Eternity, from the yeer 1581, from the 15 day of the moneth of *August*, I have had my mind fixed on Eternity. Now I commend my spirit to God, and because I cannot but commit my substance to the World, I doe commit my body

to

to worms and corruption; of all worldly goods none are mine, onely my good will, which I carry with me to the Tribunal of God, my other things I thus dispose.

1 I forgive all mine Enemies with all my heart.

2 I am heartily sorry for all my sins and offences.

3 I believe in *Jesus* Christ my most loving Redeemer, and I desire to die in the faith of his Church.

4 I doe hope to have everlasting life by the infinite goodnesse of God.

5 I doe love God with all my heart, and above all things, and I do wholly resigne my self into the most holy will of God.

6 I am fully prepared to be well or sick, to live or die, whensoever it shall seem good to God, *Let Gods will be done.*

Unlesse every Christian doe so dispose of his life and death, hee may be censured to die worse, then he ha h lived, The last houre perfects

fects and consummates, but it makes not, death

§ 10.
Nine Epitaphs.

Aulus Gellius propounds to be read, the proud Epitaph of *Nævius*, the most vaine one of *Plautus*, the modest one of *Pacuvius*, but we passe to others. *A. Gellius l. 1. c. 24.*

1 In one of the prime Cities of *Germany*, there are two Tombs neer to one another, one of an old man, another of a young man, many would think at the first reading their *Epitaphs* to be the same. The old mans Tombe bears this Inscription, *Et mortuus est.* (i.e.) *And hee is dead.* which is the Epitaph of *Adam*, and divers others: and the same words are upon the Tombe of the young man, *Et mortuus est? And is he dead?* Now the Reader in the Latine must observe that the old mans is with a period, but the young mans with an Interrogation. So that a wise man

man will expound the old man thus. This old man saw many Summers and Winters, and each seem'd because it deferd so long as though it would have spared him, for he had experienc'd many things, he had gone through many miseries and changes of this life: but yet at length through all these yeers hee is brought to his Coffin and dust, *Et mortuus est.* And he dead.

Now he that will wisely understand the young mans Epitaph, must read it Interrogatorily, thus. This young man was eminent for wealth, for beauty, for strength of body, beloved of the Muses and *Apollo*, the *white Chicken* both of the graces and fortune, not yet 20 yeers old, secure from the Grim-face of pale Death, hee looked as if hee would have prov'd immortall, and as though hee would have deceiv'd all the Fates, and is he dead? That that old decrepit man should be dead few grieve, none doe wonder, but that this flourishing young man should be

taken

taken away all mens wonder, most men sorrow: and could such a beautifull, gracious, active young man dies and is he dead? all men seeke and blame the destinies for being so impartiall.

To this I doe adde another, not to be numbred amongst the rest, but onely place it to exercise the wits of some, as well as it hath tired the wits of others, it is to be seen in *Bononia*, the words of the Epitaph are these.

A. M. PP. D.

Alia, Lalia, Crispis, nor man, nor woman, nor Hermaphrodite, nor a maid, nor a young man, nor an old woman, nor shamefast, nor shameless, but all things not taken away by famine, not by sword, not by poyson, but by all things, nor is buried in the aire, nor in the water nor earth, but every where.

Lucius Agathopriscius, nor an husband, nor a lover, nor a servant,

nor

not sorrowing, nor rejoycing, nor weeping, who knows and knows not, nor this heap, nor this Pyramis, nor this Sepulchre, but all things, that are placed.

This is a Sepulchre having nobody within it, this is a carcasse not having any Sepulchre without it, but the carcasse and the Sepulchre are the same to themselves.

Some have taken this Enigmaticall Epitaph, to mean the soule of man, some the water of the cloud, others *Niobe* turn'd into a Stone, others have imagined otherwise. Some have written Commentaries on it, as *Ioannes Turius* of *Brudges*, and *Richard White* of *Basingstoke* in *England*, a Lawyer, whose booke was printed at *Dordrecht*, by *Iohn Leo Berewout*, *Anno* 1618.

But to let these shadows and clouds passe, we wil put our wit to exercise in more plainer paths, and the reason why wee interlace our discourse with these, is, because we would not too deeply affright or terrifie our studious Reader, and that wee may keepe him from

from disdain or disliking when he is weary; that wee may therefore behold the customes, and the wholsom admonitions of the dead look upona nother Epitaph, which is to be seen at *Naples*, in these words.

2 This Marble memory is here placed for mee, yea, Reader for thee also, whosoever thou art, watch whileſt thou wakeſt, and make seasonable haſt to thy work, no man knows the set time. Farewell.

3 The stone of *Cajeta*, exhibits this short Inscription.

Fui, non sum; estis non eritis;
Silvius Palladius
Vt moriens viveret,
Vixit at moriturus.

I was, am not:
You are; shall not be.
Silvius Palladius
who that He might live dead,
Did live as alwayes dying.

I will not omit that most short yet pleasant one of *M. Posthumus* a Knight.

M. Posthumius a Knight
whither I goe, I know not,
I die of necessity,
Farewell all, that are behinde.

§ To learne us in the first place wisdome, and to make us despise vanity, this Epitaph following bestowed on a religious and nobly descended Gentleman will serve fitly.

Ah Traveller! stay and read,
I desire a word with thee.

In my life I plac'd this stone here against the time of my death, who lye here in a narrow space, and here in the dust and darknes do expect thee (o my Guest) and the last Trumpet of the Angell at the day of judgment: but perhaps thou mayst aske my of-spring; I am one of the lower sons of Red Earth.

Earth. So thou mayst enquire my Country; It was the World. My learning, it was a shadow; my reputation; It was smoake my Age, Alas! a point, or if a little more produced, a minute. Wouldst thou know my wealth? 'Twas poverty, My Honours? 'twas contempt. My liberty? it was flattery. My desire? 'twas death, and true life after death, which I hope I, and thou shall enjoy. Be gone, and remember death.

6 I will annex that sad and truly lamentable one, an Epitaph of a Brother who was killed by his brother.

Alas! alas!

Here I am laid a young man, before my time Deaths scorne, a Brothers Funerall, a Fathers grief, a Mothers teares, the Muses lamentation, an example to young men, a sigh for old men, rotteneſſe, ashes, nothing to my self, but what to God? Ah! Traveller why enquireſt thou? alas,

now shall I heare what I feare, what I hope for, to morrow thou mayest know, travell on oh curious Citizen.

Richardus de Mariſco, Bishop of *Durham*, writ his own Epitaph, an holy one, and in those times witty and pleasant: It beares this inscription.

Culmina qui cupitis, laudes pompasque ſitiris,
Eſt ſedata ſitis, ſi me penſare velitis;
Qui populos regitis, memores ſuper omnia ſitis:
Quod mors immitis non parcit honore potitis.
Vobis præpoſitis ſimilis fueram; bene ſcitis.
Quod ſum vos eritis, ad me currendo venitis.

Engliſhed.

You who preferments doe deſire
who for high prayſe are ſet on fire,
Your Thirſt would quickly quenched be
If that you would conſider mee.

You

You, by whom people ſtout are check'd
Be mindfull always, ne're neglect:
That cruell death no whit regards
Your Honours or your rich reward.
For I have been like you in grace,
(Grave Prelats) and as chief in place;
For you ſhal be even as I am
You run and haſt unto the ſame.

This in thoſe times was of ſingular wit and learning, and ſavours ſtill of mortification; now I adde the Monument of a learned man.

Iuſtus Lipſius knowne by his writings, ſpeaks thus from his ſepulcher to the living.

Seekeſt thou, who lyes here buried?

I my ſelfe will reherſe it to thee. I was one who of late ſpoke with ſtyle and tongue, now it ſhal be lawfull for another. I am *Lipſius* whom learning and thy favour may cauſe to live. But I dying am gone, ſo ſhall this alſo; and this world poſſeſſeth nothing that is everlaſting. Wilt thou that I

speake in a higher voyce to thee? All humane things are but smoke, shadows, vanity, the Image of a Play, and to speak in a word, nothing: this is my last conference with thee, I would have thee hope, I am in glory. *Iustus Lipsius* liv'd 59 yeers, hee dyed in the yeere of Christ 1606, on the passion day of our Saviour.

So then both learned, and unlearned, rich and poore at length have all one Epitaph, which *Moses* hath writ for them. *Et mortuus est*, (i.e.) *hee is dead.* Emperours at their first Inauguration were asked, what kinde of stone they would have their sepulchre made off? The same thing almost doe I (ô Reader) enquire of thee. Choose, what forme of Epitaph pleaseth thee best? Wilt thou, nilt thou, some or other will doe this for thee, though against thy will, and will speak of thee when thou art dead, though living thou haddest rather be silent, then write Funerall Elegies or Epitaphs. I will here exhibit a forme of a sepul-

Gen. 5. *sæpius.*

pulchrall Inſcription which I doe think profitable for mee, for thee ô Reader, and for moſt Chriſtians, at leaſt for meditation, onely change but a few things, and this it is.

Whoſoever thou art (ô Reader) I have ſomthing to ſeek out of thee.

9 Knoweſt thou who may dwell in this narrow priſon under ground? I am the ſonne of corruption, and the brother of wormes: This is my ſtock, aske not after my name, that's vaniſhed with my life, which I ſpent after many teares and weak endeavours in books, which almoſt I ſhut up with my life (ô Gueſt) would I had now given my ſelfe more to vertue, leſſe to vices, ô would I had before my death dyed more in my affections, now thou mayeſt, I cannot perform it. Whoſoever thou art, for I cannot ſee in this darkneſſe; whileſt thou canſt, be ripe for death, before thy death,

by this means thy life wil be more comfortable, by how oftner thou art in this exercise. Farewell (Reader) till the Trumpet shall sound from Heaven, at which time I do expect a joyfull resurrection.

But least we should be ignorant, that it is not purple adornments, funerall pompe, nor the silken covering, nor the long traine of mourning friends, nor the brave Coats of Arms, nor the greatnes of Kinred, nor the prayses of the vulgar, not the wives lamentations, nor the funerall Sermon, nor the title of the dead, though seeming to live in Marble (for they have their Obits too) nor all these make an happy death, but grace and vertue, and a minde, not broken nor terrified withall the threatnings of death, to have lived well and uprightly, is the faireſt *Epitaph* of all others.

§ 11.

Nine Reasons to perſwade us to die with a reſolved minde.

ABove all things meditate and ſeriouſly thinke on the death of thy Saviour, and thou wilt then beare thine comfortably. Compare, I beſeech, thy Bed to his Croſſe, thy Couches with his Crown of thornes, thy meat with his gall, thy drinke to his Vineger, thy griefs with his torments, Thou art amongſt thy Friends & Kinred, he in the midſt of his enemies, thou art among all the hands for help, but he was left of all, and ſo died: for the recovery of thy health, what medicines, and helps are not uſed? but hee had nothing to quench his thirſt. Yee he was Lord and chiefe, thou but a ſervant, the loweſt, the vileſt: all things that were laid upon him, he was guiltleſſe off, and deſerv'd 1 *Reaſ.*

them not; All things that thou sufferest, thou standest guilty off, and more. Wherefore thou hast no just cause to complain.

a *Cause.* 2 The chiefest favour of the greatest King, is a good death, but to die well is to avoid the danger of living ill. Now he dyes well, who dyes willingly. Who would not willingly rise from a rough hard bed? onely they refuse it who are laid warme in a soft Featherbed: if thy life here had been full of grievances, evils and miseries, how willing wouldst thou be to passe to a better? if thy life hath bin prosperous and rich, it is high time that thou shouldst end, for fear prosperity, which hath destroyed so many, should also ruine thee: Death is the most unwelcome to rich men. *Crœsus* had not come to the fire, but for his wealthy old age. Many slaves (had they died) in their youth, had died free-born. Ah! how many and how great men who are condemned in eternall flames! whom, if death had taken from hence in

in

their infancy or youth, had enjoyed glory and immortality.

3 It is the joy of all the Angels and Saints to have us with them: but say you, then must wee leave all our friends and affociats here. O improvidently! Thou art going to them. Thy parents where are they? Hopeſt thou not that they are in Heaven? And that thou ſhalt alſo come thither. Doeſt thou not alſo believe that many of thy Kindred and acquaintance are in joy Cœleſtiall? And doeſt not thou live here in hope to paſſe from hence to them? but theſe things are not certaine, they are onely in hope; 'tis true, neither doth any man hope for what he ſeeth or poſſeſſeth; & therefore God hath afforded thee matter to exerciſe this Vertue. He hath commanded thee to hope for Heaven, never did he will thee or promiſe thee ſecurity, but thou mayeſt certainly know thy ſelf to be carried thither in hope, whereinto yet thou canſt not ſee. The Creditor hath no reaſon to diſtruſt a faith-

full

full debtor. I say it affirmatively, that God hath made himselfe the debtor to thee. Consider seriously whose Creditor thou art, did not he speak it with joy, who said,
2 Tim.12 *I know whom I have trusted.*

4 Thinke also, ô man whose spirit droops or fails that admirable alacrity, and ardent study and prompt willingnesse of the holy Martyrs for death, who lightly despised all the great preparations to death, who underwent the most cruellest torments even with smiling, and rejoycing countenances. Surely nor death nor the pain of it is terrible, onely the feare of both makes both dreadfull. Wherefore wee prayse him who said, Death is not an evill, but it is evill to die naughtily. Children are afraid of Vizards and Spirits, because of their unskilfulnesse; is Death a Vizard? turne the inside outwards, and thou shalt know it to be so. Yet neither Infants, nor Children, nor distracted folks fear Death. It is most absurd that reason cannot perform that resol-

vednesse

vedneſſe in us, which folly and childiſhneſſe leads us too. Death is a Tribute and Cuſtome that all men muſt pay. Why therefore art thou ſad and diſconſolate, when as thou payeſt no more then thou oweſt? and doeſt no more then every man elſe performs? No man here can plead exemption, or priviledge. No man hitherto hath gone ſcot-free, none ever ſhall: this is that hard Battle where none, none (I ſay) eſcape. The World (ſaith Saint *Baſil*) is mortall, and the Region of dying creatures. In Pſ. 115

5. What is the continuation of the feare of Death, but the prolongation and extent of torment? Doeſt thou live long? Thou art long under pain, but (ſay you) I cannot but feare the danger that is imminent, although it comes on but with a ſlow pace. Then therefore ceaſe to feare, when as there is in it, that good, that may remove, and will for certain take away all feare. *Tertullian* ſpoke admirably, *That is not to be feared, that*

that frees us from every thing that is fearfull, But thou wilt say, it is a most fearfull thing in a disease to see death creeping upon us by degrees. Oh thou wo me! what wouldst thou? Did not thy Saviour for thirty three yeeres and more foresee his death? And art thou better then he? but because thou dost not fear death, but the fore-running incommodities of it. Hear *Epictetus*, who saith; *Thou gost not out with a good courage, but trembling, because of thy riches, silver vessels, and great friends*: Oh unhappy man! Hast thou so hitherto lost all thy time? What if thou be sicke? thou shalt learn to be vertuous by thy sicknesse. *But who shall care for thee*, wilt thou say? God and thy friends: *but I shall lye hard*, thou shalt but lye as a man; *but I shall not have a commodious house*; then knowest thou not how to be sicke in inconveniences: *but who shall prepare my dyet for me?* They who provide it for others, *but what will be the issue of my sicknesse?* What should be

be, but dea h? thou therefore canst not but know, that it is the signe of a degenerate spirit, and of a fearfull heart to feare not death, but the fear of death. Exercise thy self therefore against this: to this mark let all thy disputations tend, and all which thou heareſt, or readeſt: then thou shalt know, that death is the onely way to plant men into liberty.

6. How many evils doth death free thee from? to die is but to shut up the shop of al miseries. So that *Pliny* spoke well, *Such is the condition of humane life, that death to the best men is the best Harbour: and the chiefest good for nature. Cæsar* speaks in *Saluſt*, In al miseries, death is the Reſt; not the augmentation of them, and that it concludes all the mischiefs that Mortals suffer. Therefore a wiseman esteems his life by the quality, not by the extent of it. For nature hath afforded us an Inne to lodge in, not to dwell in, and the usury of life is like that of money, to be alwayes paid at the set time.

time. Why, how canst thou complain, if money be taken in when the Creditor pleaseth, if he limited not the time? It was but the condition upon which thou receivedst it, to repay it at the pleasure of the lender.

7 In the passage to death the prison is set open, why feareſt thou to goe out? rather be glad, and be gone. Hither to thou hast been a Captive, now thou shalt be free; the prison is now open, hast out. Why hast thou so long studied Philosophy? if yet thou feareſt this Philosophy, to die? therefore receivedst thou this body, that thou shouldst restore it. And therefore shalt thou restore it, that thou mayest again receive it with great advantage. Oh how foolish is that mans hope, not to endevour for that happineſſe! to depart with joy from hence, to that which always remayns. The prison is open, flye aloft to better felicity.

8 Death is the rode way, yea, it is the gate by which wee are admitted into our Country: to eter-

nall life, to immortall joy. Death is not so much the end of life, as it is the passage to life. Saint *Bernard* spoke true and elegantly, *'Tis true indeed the righteous man dyes, but securely: because his death as it is the Exit of the present, so it is the Introite to a better life.*

9 But the cause of causes is the divine will of God, whom it hath pleased from all Eternity, that thou shouldst dye at such a time, such a place, such a disease. What wouldst thou more? so it pleased God, so it seem'd good in his sight. This is that will which cannot, will not will, that which is ill. Therefore as the sonne of *Syrach* said, *Humble thy selfe before thou be sick, and in the time of sins shew repentance.* Therfore I briefly reckon up all the Reasons thus, 1 Christs death 2 The favour of God. 3 the joy of Angels and Saints. 4 The examples of those that have gone before us. 5 It is the end of all things to be feared. 6 It is the end of all evils. 7 It is going out of prison. 8 It is an ingresse into paradise 9 It is the will of God. §. Eccles 18 21.

§ 12.

Death is not to be feared.

PErforme therefore (ô Christian) that with willingnes which must be done though against thy will. Those actions (though difficult) if done willingly seem easie and seazable, and where the will concurs, there it leaves to be necessity. A wise man instructs thee thus. Agree to what thou canst not withstand, go on securely without feare. Nature is a bountifull parent, and makes not any thing dreadfull, nor delights in it. It is the errour of men, not provident Nature that makes Death seeme terrible. Wee feare death not for that it is evill, but because we are not acquainted with it: but if thou hast any generous thoughts, or any noble or high resolutions, slight those vulgar and base conceits, and looke upon high, and imitate those religious spirits, whose

whose footsteps have beene setled in the rode-way to Glory. Wee have innumerable examples and patternes of men whose deaths have bin cheerfull and happy. Be not daunted with the words of them which affirme death to be neere at hand: Rather follow him amongst the Ancients who gave this reply to Deaths Monitor, without any the least show of anger. *Morieris*, *Thou shalt dye.* It is the nature not the punishmene of man, *Thou shalt dye.* I entred upon this condition that I should goe out. *Thou shalt dye.* It is the Law of Nations, that what thou hast lent thee, that thou must restore. *Thou shalt dye* Thy whole life is but a pilgrimage, It is but comfortable when thou hast walkt long abroad, that then thou shouldest return home. *Thou shalt dye.* I thought thou wouldst have told mee some new or strange thing, but as for this, I came for the same purpose hither, every dayes travell invites me hither. Nature laid me out this stint at my birth.

Why

Why should I be angry? I am sworn to this. *Thou shalt die.* It's folly to feare what thou canst not avoid. *Thou shalt die.* Nor the first nor the last. Many are gone before me, some go with me, all shall follow. *Thou shalt die.* This is the conclusion of all our work. Whither the Universe shall passe, thither must I. All things are begotten to this state. What hath had a bad beginning, must come to an end. *Thou shalt dye.* That is not so grievous, which is but once suffered. It is Eternall that vex us. Certainly death is to bee lesse feared now, then heretofore. For then the way to Heaven was block'd up; and all men griev'd and sorrowed at this, that

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua ditis.

Hell gates are never shut nor night nor day.

But wee may sing this with joy, that,

Noctes

Noctes atque dies patet alti janua Cœli.

At all times unto Heaven's a ready way.

Death therefore is to be entertained with an undaunted ſpirit, Whither it ſets upon us violently, or eaſily; A vertuous life never thought ill of death, and that man loſes nothing who gets all things.

---

§ 13.

How the Saints of God may deſire, yet feare Death.

LEt us behold Saint *Paul*, (ſaith Saint *Gregory*) how hee loves that, which hee avoyds, and how hee avoids that which hee loves. Behold, hee deſires to die and feares to put off the tabernacle of fleſh. Why ſo? Becauſe although the victory makes his heart to rejoyce,

joyce, yet the paine doth trouble him for the present. As a valiant man who is to fight a Combate, though he be armed, yet he pants and trembles, and by his paleness discovers feare, yet hee is mainly prick'd forward by valour and courage: So a godly and holy man being neer to his death and passion, is struck with the infirmity of his nature, yet is he strengthened with the firmnesse of his hope, and doth rejoyce that by dying he shall live for ever. For he cannot enter into that Kingdom, but by the interposition of death: & yet hee doubts and hopes and rejoycing feares, and fearing is glad, because hee knows hee cannot attain to the prize, unlesse he passeth this midway obstacle. Hence it is that even the holiest men have in some measure feared deaths encounter. King *Hezekiah* in the increase of his sickness doth yet in teares lament, *That in the midst of his days he shall go to the gates of Hell.* What? did not the feare of death cause *David* to utter

Esay 38. 10

that

that speech, *Take me not away in the midst of mine age?* What shall we say of *Abraham Iacob, Elias?* Who as we are instructed by holy Writ, did something feare death. *Elias* flying from death, yet did entreat for it under the Juniper tree. Psal. 102 25. 3. Reg. 19...

Arsenius a man of an hundred & twenty yeers old, never assaulted with any disease, having served God fifty five yeers in a most austere life, being now at his departing, began to feare and weep. Those that were present wondring at it, said; *And doe you (o Father) likewise fear death,* to whom he answered, *ever since I entred into the state of Religion, I have always feared.*

Seneca spoke excellently, often is it seen, that even the stoutest man though armed, yet at the first entrance into the Combat feares: so the resoluteſt Souldier at the signall of Battle, his knees and joynts tremble: so it is with the greatest Commander, as also with the famouseſt Orator at the composing

posing himself to speake. This was observed in *Charles* the fifth Emperour, who, though hee was couragious in all warlike Expeditions, though hee was not overcome with the greatest danger, nor frighted with the furiousnesse of warlike Chariots, nor ever shrunke his head out of the maynest hazards, yet for all that, at the putting on of his Armour hee would something quake and shiver, and shew signes of some feare, but when once his head piece was on, his sword girded to his thigh, his Coat of Maile upon him, hee was as a Lyon, and like a mighty man of valour would set upon the Enemy.

Even so the best of men do desire and feare death, they would be gone out, but they tremble at it. But it is better to die with *Cato*, then to live with *Anthony*. Hee is Deaths conquerour, who quietly gives up his Spirit when he is cald from hence.

§ 14.

An ill death follows an ill life.

EVen as a tree falls that way, when it is cut downe as it leaned, when it stood: so for the most part as we have lived and bent our courses, so doe we depart. As we begun to goe, so wee continue. a commendable death seldome shuts up a dishoneſt life. What things were pleasurable to us in the course of our lives, ee seldome dislike at the time of our deaths. A great Courtier of King *Cenreds*, who studied more to please his Soveraigne then his Saviour, being at point to die, he did not onely seeme to neglect the care of his soule, but also to put off the time of his death, but hee saw before him a great many wicked Spirits, expressing the Catalogue of all his bainous sins before him, at which sight in horrour for them

in despaire he dyed While wicked *Chrysaorius* called out for a space, even for time but till the next morning, he departed. *Herod Agrippa* as his life was full of all impieties, so his death was miserable. So *Herodias*, as History reports, who by dancing got *Iohn Baptists* head, had her owne head cut off by the ice. So *Iezabel* and *Athaliah* Queenes, so King *Benhadad*, *Balthazar*, and *Antiochus*, with 600 more, as their lives were naught and wicked, so were their ends wretched and odious.

The death of wise men is to be lamented, but much more the lives of the foolish, the death of sinners is the worst It being an irrevocable ingresse of a most woefull eternity of torments. Foolishly doth he feare death, who neglects life. He who lives to luxury and rio, is dead while he live.

Psal 34. 22.

§. 15.

§ 15.

A good death follows a good life.

MOst truly said Saint *Augustine*, *That cannot be reputed for a bad death, when as a good life hath always preceded.* For nothing but the sequell of death proves it ill. A good crop of Corn doth seldome or never faile a plentifull sowing. A good life is the Kings high way to a good Death. That is the beginning, middle, and end. I may compare life and death to a *Syllogisme*. The conclusion is the end of the *Syllogisme*, so death of life: but the conclusion is either true, or false; according to the nature of the Antecedents. So is Death alwayes either good or bad, according to the quality of our precedent lives. So Saint *Paul* doth most severely pronounce it. *whose end* (saith he) *shall be according to their works.* 2 Cor. 11. 15.

It is reported of a certain man of a most devout life who was found dead in his study, with his body so seated, that his finger was upon the holy Bible, and upon that place, where it is said, if the just man shall be taken away by Death, hee shall be in his refreshing: *Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints*, whither it be slow or sudden.

The mellifluous Saint *Bernard*, being now neere to his dissolution, Thus spoke to his Schollers, because (quoth he) I leave you no great examples of Religion, yet three things I doe seriously commend to you, which I have specially at all times observed,

1 To trust my own sences lesse then others.

2 That being hurt or injured by any, I never sought after revenge.

3 I never did willingly offend any man, whatsoever fell out crosse and thwart, I pacified, as I could. Now being neere Death, He wrote a Letter to *Arnaldus* of *Good-dale*, to this effect, *The spirit is ready, but the flesh is weak*. Pray you to our

Lord Jesus, not to defer my exit, but keep me when I shall go; have a care to preserve with prayers your very footsteps, that when the betrayer shall come, he may find every part so well guarded, that he may have no place to fasten in you to wound you. *Gerardus*, both by nature & Religion, the brother of S. *Bernard* did publickly demonstrate the same which we here affirme, that a good death is always joyned to a pious life, but let us hear *Bernard* himself in this point, whom sicknesse made wise. Would to God I had not lost thee, but only had sent thee before. Would to God at last though slowly I might follow thee whereseoever thou art gone; for no doubt but thou art gone after them, whom about the midst of thy last night thou didst invite to prayses, as well in words as countenance of gladnesse, and didst presently break out into that of the Prophet *David*, to the wonder of those that stood about thee. *Prayse the Lord from Heaven, prayse him in the highest*, ô my brother, thy day sprung forth in the midst

of thy night, that night was a time of illumination, and indeed thy night was turned to day I was called to behold that wonder, to see a man rejoycing in death, and triumphing over death; O Death where is thy victory? Death where is thy sting? Now thy sting is turned into a Jubilee of mirth. Now there was a man, who dyed singing, and sung dying, Thou art now ô daughter of sorrow turn'd into gladnesse. Thou enemy of Glory art used for glory, and the gate to Hell and the pit to destruction are made the inlet into the Kingdome of Glory, and to the finding out of salvation, and that of a sinner and justly too; for that thou rashly diddst use thy power against an innocent and just man; ô Death thou art dead, and caught with the same hooke thou so greedily swallowedst down, which voice is to be found in the Prophet, (*O death I will be thy death, and will be thy destruction*) strucke through (I say) with that hook, the faithfull passing through

thy loins, there is opened through thy sides an happy and joyfull way to life. *Gerard* my brother fears thee not, thou meagre *Effigies*; *Gerard* my brother passeth through thee to his heavenly Country: not onely securely but joyfully and cheerfully with prayses. When as I was come, and he had come to the end of that Psalme with a loud voice, lifting up his eyes unto Heaven said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and often repeating the same word, Father, Father, and so turning himselfe with a cheerfull countenance to mee: what a dignation is it of God to vouchsafe to be our Father? What a glory is it to man to bee the sonnes and heires of God? Hee so sung that he turnd my weeping into mirth, and beholding his comfortable joy, it made me almost forget my own misery. He cannot die ill who hath liv'd well.

§ 17

§ 17.

Like life, like death.

When as the weary Huntſman's laid to ſleep,
Yet doth hee dream how's chaſe and game to keep.

To wit, what things we have been buſied about all day, thoſe uſually we dream on at night: in like manner to what we have accuſtomed our ſelves to through our lives, thoſe like us beſt in death. Hence is it that for the moſt part as wee have acted our parts here, ſo wee goe off from this ſtage of mortality.

There is an Hiſtory of a Goldſmith, who was ſo exceſſively covetous, that lying upon his deathbed he dreamt ſtill of gold, inſomuch that hee neglected the advice of Divines and other his Friends concerning his ſalvation, and hourely had his heart fixed upon

upon his money. O wretched man, hadst thou but one point of an houre to work our thy salvation, and yet couldst thou not think upon it? as our dayes have beene employed, so will even our last of time: therefore those who have made Gold their God, or pleasures or other vanities, their last end are selsome pious or comfortable.

How much better did *Socrates* who even at last gaspe could not forget himself nor vertue.

Antiochus King of *Syria* did most miserably vex the *Iews*, and *Maximinus* the Emperour with cruell Edicts, and most bitter tormens resolv'd to put out the name of Christianity; but both of them by the divine Justice fell into a most lamentable and grievous disease, and when as neither of them had any hopes of life left them, the one besought the *Iews*, the other, the *Christians*; that they would pray for them unto their God. Both of them like to *Æsops* Crow, which when shee was very ill, spoke to

her Mother not to lament for her: but by her prayers to the Gods, she entreated her to pray for her health, to whom the other answered, which of the Gods is it, from whom thou hopest to be recovered, when as there is none from whose Altars thou hast not stole some part of a Sacrifice.

Hence even as wee live so wee die: and so we shall be judged at last, either to punishment in hell, or to everlasting happinesse in Heaven.

---

§ 17.

The wish for a good death.

Num. 23. 10. *LEt mee dye the death of the righteous, and let my last end, be like to his*, Cals out the Prophet *Balaam*. How much righter had hee spoken, had hee said, *Let mee live the life of the righteous, that my death may then be like his.* It is ridiculous to desire to have a good death,

death, and yet to shun a pious life; to live well is laborious, to die well happinesse; but the latter depends on the former. Hee which refuseth to passe through the Red Sea, shall never eat *Manna*, Hee which loves *Egypts* slavery, shall never enter into the Land of the living. Piously and elegantly in this respect doth S. *Bernard* speak, *Vtinam* (inquit) *hac morte frequenter cadam*. God grant I may often fall by that death, that so I may escape the snares of death, that I may not be entangled in the mortiferous flatteries of a luxurious life, that I may avoid the sense and deceitfull pleasures of lust; that I be not overcome with covetousnesse: that I be not stirr'd and mov'd to anger, to impatience; that I be not overwhelm'd with the vexings and distraction of worldly cares and sollicitudes That death is good, which takes not life away, but changes it onely into a better.

This for certain is that death, that he expects and waits for with all

all his desires who eagerly pursues that life which shall never know death. To be dead to sinne before death comes, is the best death of all.

---

§. 18.

Sleep is the brother of death.

Pausanias relates that in the City *Olympia*, he saw a Statue, called *Night*, in the forme and habite of a woman. This held in her right hand a white youth asleep, and in her left hand a black youth as if hee were sleeping, the one of these she called Sleep, the other death, both of them were counted the sons of Night: hence *Virgill* makes sleep to be Deaths Kinsman.

Gorgias Leontinus, being very old, and expecting that hee was come to the mark of his life, was suddenly snatcht away by a contrary sickneſſe: before his death one of his friends gave him a Vi-

sit,
fal
wa
did
rep
ver
nit
wi
up
tec
wa
go
to
ha
fle
w
th
to
th
ch

sit, and found the good old man falne into a sleepe. When hee wakened hee asked him how hee did find himself? to whom *Gorgias* replyed, this sleep begins to deliver mee up to his brother, (meaning death.)

Whosoever is a good Christian will never permit sleepe to passe upon him, before he hath convented his own conscience, and hath washed away his offences by a godly sorrow: many have begun to sleepe and to die at once, and have ended their lives with their sleep, and therefore we are to look well to sleep which is deaths brother, and as strictly as we can, not to go to it warily onely, but also chastly. Hee which sleeps not in chastity, shall not rise in chastity.

§ 19.

The Fore-runners of Death.

DEath is the fore-runner of Eternity, dolours and diseases are the most knowne Harbingers of death If wee will credit *Pliny*, one manifest signe of death is in the height of sickneſſe to laugh; in some diseases, an unequall and prickling; striking of the veins, and the eyes and the nose afford to us certain signes of death, according to *Plinies* experience, these are *Indexes* of approaching death, when the sick party discourseth of journeys, when hee will not abide in his bed, when he folds the coverlid, or when he puls haires out of it. There are beside these many other signes of death not counted vain, or false.

Augustus the Emperour a little before he died, complained that he was taken away by forty young men,

men, That was rather a presage as *Suetonius* reports of death then of a distracted mind, for when he was dead, hee was brought forth by forty Pretorian Souldiers.

When *Alexander* the Great was about to saile to *Babylon*, there was a great winde which took away the ornament of his head, and the Diadem bound to it: the fire fell into the water, and the Diadem hung unto a *Fen-cane*, one of the Saylors went to fetch this, and because he would not have it wet, put it upon his head, and so brought it to *Alexander*; the Saylor had a Talent given him for a reward: but presently after, by the advice of the *Chaldees*, his head was struck off, nor did *Alexander* long escape death, which the Diadem taken from his head portended.

In the yeer of Christ 1185, when that great and last overthrow was neer to *Andronicus Comineus* the Emperour, the Image of S. *Paul* placed by the Emperour in a Temple in *Constantinople*, wept abundantly; nor were those teares false

falſe preſages for preſently after the Emperours bloud was ſhed.

Moreover, Princes and great men have had ſtrange preſages of their deaths, as the howlings of Dogs unuſuall, the roaring of Lions, the ſtrangneſſe of the ſtriking of Clocks, Nightly noyſes in Towers, and many other infallible ſignes of enſuing death. How innumerable are the ſignes of death (ſaith *Pliny*) and certain but not one of ſecurity, or health? What do all they teach us, but this one thing, let us remember that we are but men. Thinke on Eternitie whither thou art poaſting, thou muſt be gone ſhortly, thou art but a gueſt. Enquire the way. Looke thou beeſt ready: fit thy ſelfe for to appeare before the Lords Tribunall. How thou haſt lived, ſo even ſo ſhalt thou be judged.

§ 20.

§ 20.

What we must answer to Deaths Messenger.

BLessed Saint *Ambrose*, having received the Embassadour of death, when as his friends wept and sorrowed, and desired him to pray to God to spare him a longer life, he answered them. I have not so liv'd as that it shames mee to live longer, nor do I feare to die because wee have such a Good Lord.

Saint *Augustine* did much regard this wise saying, and commended them to his Schollers as pure and savoury words, And S. *Augustine* himselfe was nothing troubled at the hearing of death, but said what great man can conceit any proud or great thing? when as men do die well as trees do fall, and other creatures.

That golden-mouthed Father Saint *Chrysostome* a little before his

his death, when he was in banish-
ment, writ thus to *Innocentius*, this
now is the third yeere that wee
have endured banishment, being
exposed to pestilence, famine, war,
to continuall incursions, to un-
speakable solitarinesse: to daily
death to the Heathens swords, and
being about to die, hee fairely
pronounced these words, Glory
be to thee (ô Lord) for all
things.

Saint *Cyprian* being condemned
to death for Christian Religion
with a noble spirit said thus,
Thanks be given to God, who
vouchsafeth to take me out of the
bonds of this body.

Let the dying man imitate these
holy Fathers, & let him often say
this, God be thanked, Glory be to
God for all things, I have watch'd
long enough amongst thorns, I
have fought enough with beasts, I
have toild enough in tempests.
Now because I see an end of my
watchings, of my fightings, and of
my labour, God be thanked, Glo-
ry be to God for all things. For

cer-

certain Death is an advantage to the wise, and a gain to them whose lives are irksome.

§ 21.

A sweet death but the worst death of all.

George Duke of *Clarence*, was by his brother *Edward* the fourth King of *England*, for suspition of affecting the Crown commanded to die: yet he had liberty given to choose his owne death: and hee chose a most sweet death, for hee caused a Butt of *Malmsey*, to be filled, and so placed himselfe in it, and others softly and leasurely let him bloud, and hee all the while sucking in leasurely the sweet liquour: So hee left this life being at last drowned in this sweet but small bath.

If wee look but upon the manners of men, alas! how many by ingurgitating themselves with pleasures intemperately, by drinking

ing

ing and gluttony do even drow themselves, but while they so de fucke in with eagernesse, whil they give their whole souls t draw in these vaine, short, filth irksome delights: alas! wretches they are, they doe by little an little drinke downe their own de struction, making themselve slaves to their bellies and filth lusts; and by how much the mor greedily they doe swallow down these sugred baits, the sooner go they to the land of darknesse, a *Iob* hath it, *They spend their days mirth, and in a moment goe down Hell.* Most elegantly S. *Augustine* all things (saith he) are utterly uncertain, but death; a child is conceived, perhaps it is born, perhaps not, but perisheth an abortive: if it be borne, perchance it groweth perchance not, it may be old, perhaps not, it may be rich it may be poore, it may be honoured, it may be an abject It may marry, perhaps not, it may have children, perchance none, it may bee sicke, it may be devoured by beasts,

beasts, it may escape. But amongst all these perhaps and perchances, can we truly say, perhaps or perchance it shall die?

It is recorded in the *Machabees* of *Alexander*, and his fate is thus there described: and *after all these things, he fell downe on his bed, and knew that hee should die.* Oh what force and energie is there in the words, *post hæc.* After all these things, and in this, *decidit.* he fell, & specially in those *& moreetur*, that he should die. *Alexander* had in hopes conquered a World already, nay, worlds. He thought he had done things worthy of everlasting Annals: and yet after all these so many so great Trophies, hee fell downe not onely into his bed, but to his grave, he must be content with a small Coffin. Pe*trus Alphonsus* relates it, that *Alexander* being dead, Many Philosophers met to speake some thing to be engraven on his Monument. One hee utterd this. *En modo quatuor ulnarum spatium ei satis est, cui paulò antè totius terrarum orbis non sufficerat*

1 *Mac.* 1 6.

fecerat (i.e.) behold now foure c
bits is room enough for h m who
while ere the whole World woul
not suffice : ano her added , ye
sterday *Alexander* could hav
free any from death , now no
himself. One beholding his gol
Chest spoke thus, Yesterday (sai
he) *Alexander* of Gold made tre
sure, now change turns and gol
makes treasure of *Alexander*. S
the wise men expresst themselv
but they all concluded with th
o' the *Machabees*. Afterward h
fell down into his bed, and dyed
Juvenal sings thus of him.

Unus pellæo Iuveni non sufficit orbis.

(i.e.)

The whole world though't be wa
will not content Philips *gre*
son.

But marke the largnesse of ou
thoughts, while wee prove forge
full of our own condition : oh di
we meditate on heavenly immo
ta

all things, while wee vainly dispose these transitory ones to our Nephews, and Kinred. Alas all this, this while we are extending our thoughts, death oppresseth us, and this thing which is called old age, is but a short circuit of a few years. Why should wee therefore trust death? Consider but for what small matters wee lose our lives. It is not our meat, nor drink nor watching, nor sleep used intemperately, but prove deadly: our foot hurt a little, the griefe of the eares, a rotten tooth, meat offending the stomach, a drop of an ill Humour, any of these may open the gate to death. Is it a matter of any great consequence or profit, whither we live or die? Ill scents, savours, tastings, wearinesse, nay, nourishment it selfe without which we cannot live, may bring in and usher in death. The body of man is weak, fluid, rotten, distaled, whersoever it moves, it is conscious of it's own infirmity. It endures not every Climate, the Sea alters it, the change of ayre in-

infects it, the least cause hurts it. Let us believe him therefore who said: *Therefore, ô men, death is better then a bitter life, and eternall rest, then continued travell.* Therefore I say, *It is better to dwell in heaven, then to travell on earth.*

---

§ 22.

Death's Blessednesse.

WRite, *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, that they rest from their labours, and their works follow them:* to die in the Lord, is to die the servant of the Lord, as the holy Scriptures speake of *Moses, Moses my servant is dead*, as if the Lord should say, although hee sinned sometime, and by sin made himself not my servant: yet hee died my servant. He died in my service. Whatsoever hee was, whatsoever he did it was mine: for all the servants work is the Lords: and such a joyfull Vet Sein that Song, was

that

that of old *Symeon*, *Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word*, In peace altogether: at whose entrance all the wars of the righteous men are ended: never for all eternity to be begun again. Such servants of God do all die in the Lord, which dying do as it were rest in his bosome: and so resting sweetly are said to sleep in death. So blessed *Stephen* in the midst of that storm and showre of stones in such a great tumult and fury of those that stoned him, *slept in the Lord*. *Acts* 7. So our Lord spoke of *Lazarus*, 60. *that he did but sleep*. So *Moses* the *Ioh* 11. servant of the Lord died when 11. God bade him, or as some expound it, at the Lords speech, as if the Lord had kissed him, in this sence, as a Mother takes her Infant in her Arms, and kisseth him being a sleep, and so lays him in to bed smilingly; no otherwise did God with *Moses*, but by sweet embraces, and smiles did lay him being falne asleepe into *Abrahams* bosome. Where he shall give his

children peace, saith the Psalmist. Blessed, yea for ever blessed are all they that so die, because they shall never be miserable (as Saint *Bernard* saith) The death of the righteous is good for the rest. Secondly, for the newnesse of it. Thirdly, for the security of it. Blessed, yea thrice blessed are all such, *for their works follow them*: they shall follow them, as servants their Lord, as sonnes their father: as Schollers their Master, as Souldiers their Generall; as Nobles do their Sovereigne. They shall follow us to Gods Tribunall. They shall be brought into the highest Courts of the Great King, and there shall be admitted for noble Courtiers. And as every one which is able for wealth and Nobility, is known by the number and adornment of his followers: so who desires to appeare before the King of Glory, let him be well and richly furnished with such servants: And let him set them before him, and look that they be many and richly apparelled, and

though

though our good works go before us in some kinde, yet they follow us in reward. The labour which we spend on them, and in them goes before: The reward which we have from them follows: He never can want comfort, that is well stored with such followers.

---

§ 23.

A Dying mans farewell to the living, who must follow him the same way.

MAny are the things, for which I am sorry; Especially the neglect of grace, and the time that I have ill spent. Oh how should I, how ought I to have beene more patient, more submisse, more mindfull of my death! ô how few and small sparkles of divine love have had irradiations in my soul! *Have mercy upon me, ô God, have mercy upon me,* according to the multitude of

thy great mercies, ô infinite goodnesse, by the precious bloud of thy deare Son, be mercifull to mee a sinner: and ô you, whomsoever I have offended in words or deeds, Forgive and pardon mee. You have mee now heartily confessing my selfe guilty, and sorrowfull, and deny not to mee before I goe hence this *viaticum*, even the free forgivenesse of all my offences towards you. Doe not (I pray you) let your courage fall in the time of sicknesse, by my example, because I am weak. Set your eyes upon the actions of holier men, and conform your selves to them, Emulate with ardency their patience, humility, obedience. And I cannot but give you hearty thanks for all the good offices you have performed towards mee, either by your hand, and work, care or councell, love and prayers. God, I beseech who art the fountain of all goodnesse, and the deep Sea of love, requite your love into your bosomes. God hath always used to be kind and good to them who

who do comm't themselves wholly to his fatherly providence. Obedience is a singular vertue, and indeed such an one as all others have resplendency from it. Patience is that one thing that is necessary for sick men. Humility is an excellent jewell, and contempt of a mans own self. Poverty is acceptable to Christ: but the Queen of graces is Charity. Yet amongst all these (me thinks) a sure confidence in God is of singular efficacie, and a plenary resignation of a mans self unto the Divine Providence: which Gods Word so highly commends, which the King'ly Prophet so often speaks of, which last of all, Christ himself by so many arguments taken from the Flowers and the Fowles doth endeavour to perswade to. None can ever know the streng h of this confidence, nor that tranquillity which follows, no, nor can believe it, but he, who at all times in everything little, or great, fully hath believed in and trusted himselfe into Gods hand. And I am per-

swaded that never was there man who did so referre himself wholly to God, who hath not found singular and secret comfort within himself by it. Let us trust to and rely on God. And give our selves wholly to be disposed of by his infinite wisdom, Hee will provide for us, he will take care for us.

You see now, how I am cited to appear at Gods Tribunall: and must now give an account for 60 yeers carriage: All mine, deeds, words, thoughts are manifest and open to that Judge. No hing ah! nothing can be hid from him, all the Acts of my passed life shall now be sentenced. O how I tremble! For it is a fearfull thing to stand before his Tribunall. Yet in this great streight I have something to comfort me, although I be an unjust and naughty servant, yet I have a good Lord, nay, infinitely good, which though I have bin sinfull, yet I am his servant: so commending my selfe in to his hands, and my soul to his mercy, I bid adiew to you all, wishing

you

pose to have a care to your lives here, that wee may once againe meet in the Kingdome of Glory. Farewell.

---

§ 24.

What a dying man should always speak and meditate in his heart.

IN thy sicknesse, ô good Christian being asked how thou doest, how thou feelest thy selfe, &c. take heed to thy answers, that thou uttereſt, let them be such as these. As God pleaseth, so it seemeth good to the Lord, so is come to passe, according to Gods good will and pleasure, I am well, that is best, so God sees it good; Let his will be done in earth as it is in heaven, and that ô sick man and dying man that thou mayest have this familiarly in thy mouth and heart, use these three short Prayers.

1 The Lord be blessed for ever and ever. 2 Have

2 Have mercy upon mee, ô Lord after thy great goodnesse, according to the multitude of thy mercies, though I be lesse then the least of all thy mercies.

3 O my Lord, and my God, I offer my self to thy good will and pleasure. Thy will, ô Lord, be done. *Amen.*

Some in the time of their sicknesse have had these prayers set before their faces in great Characters lying in their beds, that night and day they might the more readily remember and use them.

Our Prayers are our Fore-runners to God, let us our selves learn of our Harbingers the right way, that so we may follow readily whensoever the Lord Eternall shall call us hence.

§ 25.

§ 25.

Things to be specially observed by a dying man.

1 LEt him not rely upon, but renounce his owne merits, let him cast himselfe and all his sins into the boundlesse Ocean of Gods infinite mercy and compassion.

2 Let him be sure to stand fast in the bosome of the holy Catholike Church, and let him receive the blessed Sacrament seasonably, it being his *viaticum*, and the food of his soul.

3 Let him withdraw all his affections and love from fading and transitory things, and let his heart be united to God his heavenly Father. Let him long for the promised *Canaan*, that there hee may for ever offer prayse to God his Creatour.

4 Let him offer up himselfe a lively sacrifice to the glory of

God, for his most blessed will: to bear out of true love all the bitternesse and anguishment, and all the pangs of death, though for a long time, and though hee might live longer, yet for the love of God, he refers himself to his wise disposing, either for life or death.

5 Let him never forget the bitter passion and death of Jesus Christ. Let him not rest till hee be united to Christ in his death, and let him in the depth of all his sufferings imitate our Saviour, to commend his soul into his fathers hands, that so as hee is made conformable to Christ in his death, hee may be likewise in his Resurrection.

But above all it is most safe for the dying man, that what hee would have to be his last words and actions, that hee begin to doe them in the state of his health.

§ 26.

What a dying man must doe.

Ludovicus Blosius, a man of a most holy life, who refused an Archbishoprick when it was offered him by *Charles* the fifth Emperour, whose life may be seen by his works, amongst many other worthy pieces, hee gives a dying man these Instructions following.

Being asked what a dying man should doe, if hee had liv'd long in grievous sinnes, answered: though I should have lived forty yeers in my sinnes, and now my death approaching, if I shall truly acknowledge them, and be heartily sorry for them from the bottome of my heart, and resolve against them all for time to come, if I have but so much time, to put my self into Gods hands, and truly turn to him without all hypocrisie and dissembling, I shall depart hence holy and innocent,

and

and shall finde God a mercifull Father unto me, and adds a short sweet Prayer for a sick man.

O Lord, I am that miserable wretch, whom Thou of thy Fatherly goodnesse hast created, and by the most shamefull death of thy onely begotten Son hast redeemed from the power of the Enemy. Thou Lord, Thou onely shalt rule in me; save me therefore, ô Lord, for thy infinite mercy throu, h Jesus Christ, in whom I do believe to have immortality and glory. *Amen.*

These are Abridgments to die well, hee who knows how to be ready for death comprizeth all.

---

§ 27.

Refreshments for a sick man.

GO my people enter into your chambers, shut the doors to you, hide your selves for a while, for a moment, untill my indignation be passed over, Isa. 26. 20.

In

In my anger have I hid my face from you for a moment, but in everlasting mercies will I have compassion on you saith the Lord your Redeemer, Isay 54.8.

Why art thou so heavy O my soule, and why art thou so disquieted within me? still trust in God, for I will yet give him thanks, who is the light of my countenance and my God, Psal. 42.6,7.

We are the children of his Saints, and we do expect that life which God will give to those that keep the faith.

It is not the will of your heavenly Father, that one of these little ones should perish, Matth 18.14.

So God loved the world, that hee gave his onely begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life, John 3.16

Now if any man sin, wee have an Advocate with the Father Jesus Christ the righteous, and hee is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours onely, but for the sinnes of the whole world, 1 John 2 1.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, who-

whosoever heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent mee hath life eternall, and shall not come into judgment, but shal passe from death, to life. John 5.24.

All that my Father hath given to me shall come unto mee, and hee that commeth to me I cast not out of doors. Verily, verily, I say unto you, who so believeth in mee hath eternall life, John 6 37. & 47.

I am the resurrection and the life, whosoever believeth in mee, yea though he were dead, yet shal he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall not die eternally, John 11. 15. & 26. In my Fathers house are many Mansions, John 14 2.

If God be for us, who can be against us, who also spared not his own Sonne, but gave him for us, how then shall hee not give us all things with him? who shall lay any thing to the charge of Gods Elect? It is God who justifies. who shall condemne? It is Iesus Christ which is dead, yea rather which is risen again, and sitteth at the right hand of his Father, making intercession for

us,

m, Rom 8 31. usque ad 35.

None of us live unto our selves, nor none die unto our selves, whether wee live, wee live unto the Lord, or whether we die, we die unto the Lord, whether therefore wee live or die, we are the Lords, Rom. 14 7 & 8.

we know that if this earthly house of our dwelling be dissolved, wee have a building from God, an house not made with hands, eternall in the Heavens: and for this wee sigh, desiring to be put on with our house which is from heaven, that if we be clothed we shal not be found naked, 2 Co 5.1, 2, 3

Now shall Christ be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death, for Christ is to me both in life and death, advantage. But to be with Christ is much better, Phil. 1.20, 21, & 23

Our conversation is in heaven from whence we look for a Saviour, even our Lord Iesus Christ, *who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body*. Phil 3.20, 21.

This is a faithfull saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Iesus Christ

Christ *came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief* 1 Tim. 1.15.

whosoever endureth to the end, shall be saved, Matth. 24.13.

Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the crowne of life, Apoc. 2.10.

These are pure and coole streams and fountains to asswage the heat of sin and fear of death. Hee swims safely, who baths himself in these waters of comfort.

---

§ 28.

Holy Ejaculations and Prayers of a dying man.

HOly *Eligius*, a little before his death, embracing his friends with teares, spoke thus unto them, Farewell all yee, and suffer me from henceforth to rest. Earth must return to earth, the Spirit will finde the way to God that gave it. So holding up his hands and eyes to heaven, prayed so

so a good while, and at last burst forth into these words. *Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word.* Remember Lord, that thou hast made mee as earth. *Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no flesh living be justified.* O remember mee thou Redeemer of the World who onely art without sin, and bringing mee from the body of this death, place mee in thy Kingdom. I know I doe not deserve to see thy face, and tast thy favour, but thou knowest that all my hopes have bin in thy all-saving mercies: and now (ô Christ) dying in the confession of thy holy Name, I doe render my last breath, my soule into thy safe keeping. Receive me (ô Lord) according to thy great mercies, and let mee not be confounded in my hope, open to mee the gate of life, and let not the powers of darknes hold me, Let thy right hand bring me into thy resting place, and let me enjoy one of those Mansions, which thou hast prepared for those

that

tha love and feare thee. And having thus prayed, hee departed. Oh could wee follow the example of this holy man, let us therefore call upon Christ in these or the like words.

Enlighten mine eyes (ô Iesus) that I sleep not in death, lest that mine enemy say unto mee, I have prevailed against him. Psal. 13. 4.

O Lord, Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, put I pray thee thy Passion, Crosse, and meritorious death, betwixt thy judgment and my poore soule. *O Remember not (Lord) our old sins, but have mercy upon us, and that soon, for wee are come to great misery.* Psal. 77. 8.

Oh most sweet Jesus Christ our Lord, for the honour and vertue of thy most blessed Passion, make me to be numbred with thy Saints in glory everlasting.

Enter not into judgment (ô sweet Iesu) with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no flesh living be justified, and then let him utter these words.

I worship thee (ô Lord Iesus Christ)

Christ) and blesse thy name, for thou by thy holy Crosse and Passion hast redeemed the World O thou Saviour of the World save mee, which by thy bitter Crosse and precious bloud hast redeemed me.

Draw mee unto thee, ô *Iesus* who didst say, When I am lifted up from the earth, I shall draw all men unto me.

O most mercifull *Iesus*, I pray thee by thy precious bloud which thou sheddest for sinners, to blot out all my offences. O let thy bloud purifie me, let thy body (ô Christ save mee) wash mee in thy bloud, and let thy passion confirme my soule, ô good Iesu heare me, hide me in thy wounds, suffer me not to be separated from thee, in the houre of death call me, bid me to come unto thee, that I with all the rest of the glorious Saints may prayse thee. O my gracious Redeemer, I do wholly give up my self unto thee, Cast mee not out from thy presence. I come unto thee, reject me not. Cast me not

out

out of thy sight, and take not thy holy Spirit from mee. Oh let not my iniquity cast me away, whom thy goodnesse did create.

As death approacheth neere, so let the dying man pray thus.

O God according to thy will so let thy mercy come unto me, ô God, that my spirit may ever dwell with thee. Oh let that voice sound in my eares, *To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise, Lord, Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, For mine eye have seen thy salvation.* Oh loving Iesus what is thine own, I beseech thee to take. O Lord Iesu! Make mee to be numbred with thyne Elect. O Iesus, thou Son of *David*, have mercy upon mee. Lord, be thou my helper. Make haste, ô Lord *Iesus*, to come and help me. O Lord *Iesus* receive my spirit. *Amen.*

§ 29.

§ 29.

The dying mans confidence in GOD.

HEre I doe confidently with S. *Bernard*, confesse and say, let others pretend their Merits, and others that they can, and have borne the heat of the day, yet I hold it good to keepe close to the mercy of God, and to put my confidence in the Lord.

And though I am conscious to my selfe, that my former life hath been full of sin, so that I deserve to be cast off by Gods justice, yet will I never leave off to trust in his infinite goodnesse, and that as hitherto his al-sufficient Grace hath administred strength to my weaknesse, so the same will yet give me strength and power to beare all things patiently and willingly: And this my patience though small and little, helped by the assistance of his Grace (which doth

doth infinitely exceed my thoughts) will mitigate my pains, and will bestow that eternall reward upon me in Heaven. This one thing (ô God) will I desire of thee, that thou wouldst never suffer me to fall from relying upon thy goodnesse: although I know my self to be weak, and undeserving. Yea, though I should come to that casting down, and terrour, that I did seem even to be utterly lost and left; yet I would call to mind that Apostle of thine Saint *Peter*, that was ready to sink at the first blast of winde, and to fall from his faith, and I would then even doe, as hee did, call upon thee and say, *Lord save mee*, and even then would I hope that thou wouldst stretch forth thy hand, and helpe mee, but yet if thou shouldst permit mee to be harder beset then *Peter*, (which I pray thee not to suffer) yet, nevertheless do hope, that thou wouldst looke upon mee with the eyes of thy mercy, and that thou wouldst turne and behold mee as thou

thou didst *Peter*, when he had denied thee, and that thou wouldst not suffer thy whole displeasure to arise, but that thou wouldst help me and deliver my soul. This I know assuredly, that God will not forsake me without my fault. I know that of Saint *Augustine* to be most true. God can free and hath done for many great things without any desert of theirs, because he is Good: but yet he never condemn'd one without great demerits, because he is just. Therefore in great trust and confidence, I do wholly rely upon him; if for my sins he suffers me to perish, yet his justice shall be glorified, but I hope, and certainly doe hope that his mercifull goodnesse will keep my soul, that so rather his mercy may be praysed then his justice, nothing can fal upō me but what God will. Now whatsoever hee wills, though it may seeme harsh and evill, yet is truly good. Whatever (ô God thou wilt, I will the same altogether, I will, ô God, I will,

§ 30.

The last words of a Dying man.

Augustus the Emperour when hee dyed dedicated his last wordes to his Empresse *Livia*. *Livia*, said hee, be all thy life long, mindfull of our Marriage, farewell. How much truliet may Christians dedicate their last speeches to their Lord and Master *Iesus Christ*, saying, O Lord, Remember the time since my soul was espoused to thee in holy wedlock.

Dionysius the *Areopagite* an holy man of life, being condemned to lose his head, hearing the sentence of death with a generous resolution, contemning the scoffs of the multitude repeated the last words of our Saviour. *Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.*

Saint *Basil* the Great, at the close of his life, when as he had furnished all them about him with ex-

excellent admonitions, ſpoke the ſame words unto Chriſt, as the former Martyr had done

Saint *Bernard* as if he ſhould ſhew to the ſick man Chriſt *Ieſus*, Oh thou Chriſtian, ſaith hee, deſpair not of thy ſicknes. Chriſt hath told thee what thou art to ſay in all the hazards of death, to whom to flie to, to whom to call on: In whom to hope, even in God the Father, which cannot deſpiſe the prayers of them that truſt in him, doe thou therefore ſuch works in the time of thy ſickneſſe, that thou mayeſt truly ſay, *In thee (ô Lord) have I put my truſt, let me not be confounded.*

Therefore let the laſt words of the dying man be directed to God, to him our prayers, to him let goe all our deſires. Let all our hopes terminate in him, let him receive our laſt ſighes, let the dying man ſay thus from his heart. To thee (ô Lord) doe I looke up, to thee I lift up my eyes, to thee I direct my prayers.

§ 32.

The conforming of our wils to Gods will, is of great value, especially at the end of our lives.

Ludovicus Blesius gives this advice for the conforming our wils to the will of God.

There is no exercise at our death can be more profitable then that every one should fully resigne himself into the hands of his Creator, humbly, lovingly, wholly trusting and relying in his infinite mercy and goodnesse. For it cannot but bee, that whosoever doth thus place his confidence in God before his departure hence, but that he shall partake of joy in the Cælestiall Kingdome. For those that shall be for ever with the Lord shall be freed from punishment. In this mind died that good Thief on the Crosse, which did no desire our Saviour to save him

his body, but wholly desired Christ to forgive his sins, and to give him the Kingdom of Heaven so fully did he resigne himself into Gods hands, so wholly did he offer himself to Christ, that hee should do with him as he pleased. And if it so fall out that when death is at hand, thy sickneſſe is grievous and painfull, cast that also upon God, For the death of Christ wil yield us consolation in death, He is gone before, innumerable others are gone before, why should it irk thee to follow?

§ 33.

The dying man emulates the good Thief in Golgotha.

Lord, Remember mee when thou commeſt into thy kingdome. Oh happy Thiefe! which didst profit more in the schoole of Christ in 3 houres space, then the *Iscariot* did in three yeers, thou goest before

me in words, and for a forme of
prayer, who waſt to Chriſt in his
greateſt extremity, a Patron, and
an Advocate. Good God! how
deep are thy judgements! his
friends and kinred are ſilent, his
Diſciples forſake him, The Angel
appear not, neither is his mother
ſuffered to defend his innocence,
and where are thoſe eleven thou-
ſand and more fed by this cruci-
fied Lord? What one out of ſo
great a multitude does open his
mouth in his cauſe? The maynte-
nance of Chriſts Cauſe is there-
fore devolv'd to the defence of
this Thiefe. One Thief pleads a-
gainſt another for Chriſts inno-
cence, he mayntains it, takes off
the others ſcandals, reproves the
infinite multitude of parricides.
Did not the Son of God bluſh to
have his Cauſe defended by a
Thief? No! hee was ſo farre from
being aſhamed at his Orator,
that hee prayſed him in public;
nor was his Rhetorick defective
in Gods Cauſe; And wee indeed
juſtly; therefore wee receive the

due reward of our deeds, but this man hath done nothing amisse. Lu. 23. 4

O how justly may I say the same of my self? And I do justly die for my offences, for I doe but receive the wages of my works, but my Saviour, What had hee done? nothing at all worthy of death, nor of such torments. Let mee therefore, ô God, be heard when I use this forme of prayer. Lord, remember me, for now thou art come into thy Kingdome, and because thou art in thy Kingdome looke upon mee now languishing and decaying, and admit mee to thy self when I depart. I beg this of thee (ô Jesus) by thy scourging, Thorns and Crosse, by all thy torments, and by thy precious death.

What therefore remaynes, but that I should for ever cast my soul into his bosome, whose dolour and pains hee onely weighs and considers? He knows what conduceth to the health of our souls: and hee from all eternity hath determined by what way wee shall re-

turn to him. (O Lord) I have waited for thy salvation.

---

§ 34.

The Heliotropium, or Turn sole against all diseases and death the onely Medicine.

THis Herbe (as experience shews it) turns with the Sun both at his rising and setting nay, even in cloudy weather hee shews his love to the Sun, by night, as it were for grief, he shuts up himself: for want of her beautifull Lover. Oh could mans will alwayes so follow and attend upon Gods will, that at all times it should be conformable to it, and and follow it through all afflictions and adversities, and not to turn aside in that great cloudy day of death. Upon this set day let the dying man imitate this flower, and let him fix the eyes of his faith upon that glorious Sun of righteousnesse especially then. This doe

doe our Saviours owne words teach us.

Even so Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight: so even so my lying friend speak you, In all things that ever you doe, in all evils to be endured or suffered by the example of our Lord, say always. So Father, even so good Father, so be it, ô my Father, with often ingeminations, and specially when the pangs of death doe rage most violently, then even then subject thy will in all things to his, pronounce these watching, in health, in sickness, but at the pinch of death never forget them. Lord, thou knowest my heart, command it Lord: I have hoped in *thee*, I have said thou art my God, thou shalt maintaine my lot, my health, my disease, prosperity, and adversity, my life and my death are in thy hands, as thou wilt, so let all things be. It shall be pleasant to me either to live or die according to thy good will because thou art my Father. Therefore, ô Father, as thou wilt, or- *Math.* 11.26.

der, dispose, permit all things to be done in mee, and of mee, as may be pleasing to thee, let not any thing in mee crosse or thwart thy heavenly disposing. So, even so, good Father, let thy will be done from hence-forth and for ever.

This herb is of wonderfull vertue to all sicknesse, evils and death. Hee is farre from feare of destruction, that is in will so united to his God.

FINIS.

Prayers to be ſaid of, or to be read to a man dying.

O Holy *Jeſus*! my ſtrength, my refreſhing, my defender, and my deliverer, in whom I have hoped, on whom I have believed, whom always I have loved, who art my chiefe pleaſure: the fortreſſe of my ſtrength, & my hope even from my youth up. Lead me forth, ô thou that art the leader of my life, and I will follow thee; ſtretch forth thy right hand of mercy to the worke of thine own hands, which thou the Creatour of all things didſt make of the duſt of the earth, and ſtrengthenedſt with bones and ſinews, to whom thou by death gaveſt life; The time is at hand, that duſt muſt return to duſt, and my ſpirit to thee my Saviour and bleſſed Redeemer who gaveſt it me. Open (good Lord) to mee the gate of life, for for mee wretch didſt

thou the Lord of life hang on the tree, and wast reckoned amongst transgressors: receive me, ô mercifull God, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, thou didst kindly and speedily entertain the penitent thiefe upon the Crosse begging of thee. I am sick and sore smitten, to whom should I run for cure, but to thee ô gracious Physician, heal thou me, ô Lord, and I shall be whole, and those that put their trust in thee, shall not be confounded: in thee, ô Saviour have I trusted, let me not therefore be put to confusion; But who, or what am I (most glorious God) that I should with such boldnesse speak to thee? I am a sinner borne, nay, and conceived in transgression, a rotten carcasse, an uncleane vessell, food for wormes. Spare mee, forgive mee (good God) what conquest wouldest thou have to contend, or set thy selfe against me who am weaker and lighter then the stubble before the winde, then the dust or the chaff driven too and fro with every

every blaſt? Paſſe by (ô Lord) all my tranſgreſſions, and rayſe up thy poore dejected ſervant from the Dunghill. Stand up (ô Lord) and for my defence rayſe up thy ſelfe, and reject not the ſupplication of thy poore weak ſervant. Let my prayers enter into thy preſence, and ſtretch forth thy hand, and come and help. I am the man that travelling from *Hieruſalem*, am taken and wounded of thieves, and left half dead, be thou, thou ô my Saviour the good *Samaritan*, and comfort me. I have grievouſly ſinned in the whole courſe of my life, and my ſins are ever before thee. From the crown of my head to the ſole of my foot there is not one ſound or clean member. O if thou by thy precious death on the Croſſe hadſt not helped my ſoule, I ſhould have for my ſins deſerved eternall perdition; I, even I am partaker, ô ſweet *Ieſu*, of that ineſtimable Redemption; thou didſt ſhed that moſt precious bloud for my ſake, ô thou preſerver of men, and therefore put me

not

not away from thee. I am that sheepe which wandred and lost it self, seek mee (ô thou great Shepheard) and take mee and conduct me into thy fold, that thou mayest be true in all thy sayings. Thou that hast promised that whensoever a sinner shall repent and return, thou wilt have mercy upon him. Truly Lord I am not worthy to be called thy son, because I have sinned against heaven and before thee: but good Father, restore the voice of joy and gladnesse to mee again, Comfort mee now after the time that thou hast afflicted mee, and for the yeeres wherein I have suffered adversity. Turn thy face away from my sins, and blot out all mine offentes, according to thy great mercies. Cast me not away from thy presence, nor deal with me after my iniquities: but help mee, ô thou that art the helper of all that cry to thee for relief, deliver mee for the glory of thy name; Grant in mercy, that I may dwell in thy house al the days of my life, to sing prayses

is to thee in Heaven with all thy glorious Saints and Servants for evermore. *Amen.*

The second Prayer to Jesus Christ the Saviour of the world.

O Sweet comfortable *Iesus*, the fountaine and welspring of mercy and tender compassion, shew and extend to me thy poore servant and weak creature, the riches of thy infinite mercies, help and succour mee in this my great need and necessity, my great Creatour and loving Redeemer *Iesu Christ*: put thy Passion, Crosse, and precious death betwixt thy judgment and my sicke soule. I wholly give up my selfe to thy favour, Cast me not away good Saviour in thy furie, I willingly come to thee for help, ô reject not, ô despise not, ô refuse not to admit thy humble Petitioner into thy grace and favourable protection. Now! now ô Lord, according

ing to thy good pleasure and will, deal with me in mercie, and receive my soule into thy hands in peace and love, thou hast redeemed mee, ô Lord, thou God of truth. O let the sound of those comfortable words enter into my soule (sweet Saviour) *This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.*

O *Iesus*, who was crucified for me receive me into thy armes of love and mercie, into those armes which were stretch'd so wide to embrace poore grieved sinners, unto those armes which I with the eye of faith see opened wide for transgressors. Draw my soul after thee, comfort it (ô thou Lambe of God) with thy all-saving favour receive mee in thy favour, and let my soule ever live in thy glorious courts in the highest Heavens. *Amen.*

The

The third Prayer of thanksgiving in any ſickneſſe.

GLory be to thee ô Lord *Ieſus Chriſt*, the Authour and giver of life, who haſt vouchſafed to call me to the knowledge of true faith in thee, Glorie be to thee who haſt always beene ſo full of plenteous redemption and mercie towards mee ſo grievouſly laden with all ſorts of ſins: which through all my life haſt heaped bleſſings and kindneſſes upon me. I give thanks to thee (my moſt loving God) that according to thy good will and wiſdome I am called out of this miſerable and wretched life to appeare before thee How, ô how willing am I to tread thy Courts, and to behold the light of thy countenance, I doe wholly commit my ſelfe to thy divine ſhelterage, and bleſſe thy glorious name for giving me ſuch a readie mind to depart. I do (ô moſt loving Lord) in all humility beg and

and desire thee to binde up my soule in the bundle of peace, and embrace my soule in thy everlasting favour and mercy, take my soule into thy protection hence-forth and for ever, to thee, to thee onely doe I commend my spirit, which art the God of spirits, I intreat thee (the everliving God) to give me an inheritance among those that be sanctified, Count mee in the number of thy Saints, and let my name ô heavenly Father be registred in the book of life. Free me and deliver me from all the power of my enemies. Deliver mee from all my trouble and adversity, because thou onely art the God which canst help those that are in misery and griefe, thou hast said it (ô blessed Lord God) that we should call upon thee in the time of trouble, and thou hast graciously promised to hear and deliver us, and taught us in thy wisdome to give glory to thy name. To thee therefore be duly given all praise and glorie world without end.

The

The fourth prayer, to be said of those about the sick party.

O *Iesus Christ*, who didst die upon the Crosse for our Redemption, in the depth of thy infinite love, even of that gracious love, which made thee lay downe thy life, who wast the life of all; that they might be restored to life. Wee doe heartily desire and humbly crave of thee that thou wouldst passe by, and blot out all the sins and transgressions which this thy sicke servant our Brother *N.* hath committed, and that by thy most holy life, and merits of thy most bitter Crosse and Passion, thou wouldst be pleased to help all his infirmities, and to make his bed in the time of his sickneſſe, and make him to feele and relliſh thy infinite love and boundleſſe mercies and let him apply them to his ſoule, and diſpoſe graciouſly of us all, and eſpecially

ſpecially of this thy weake creature, whom thou art cal'ing out of this miſerable life, that thou wouldſt prepare his ſoule quietly and peaceably to ſeeke thee, and that hee may give up his ſoul into thy hands with all patience, and contentednesſe, in a full aſſurance of the pardon of all his ſins, being grounded in hope, rooted in charity, in a perfect ſtate of mind, ſo that for ever thou mayſt hold him in the armes of thy never fading love and favour.

O Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*, wee beſeech thee, take not thy helping hand and ſaving aſſiſtance from this our ſick brother, who is now in the depth of ſickneſſe, and even at the point of death, who by weakneſſe and defect of ſpirit is not able to lift up his voice unto thee. Think upon him (o Lord) in thy love and mercy, and give him, ô give the ſpirit of comfort and conſolation, Deliver him from all evill, and grant though hee doth at this time depart, yet let it be in peace, and ſure confidence of thy love,

love: defend him from the danger of the Enemy, at the time of his yielding up his ſpirit into thy hand, give him ſure confidence in thee, and keep him in perpetuall peace and ſafety, and lead him into the land of everlaſting reſt and quietneſſe. *Amen.*

The fifth Prayer contayning the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity daily to be uſed.

O Lord *Ieſus Chriſt*, I believe that thou art my God and my Redeemer, I doe believe that for my ſalvation thou waſt born of the Virgin *Mary*, and was crucified, I doe believe what the holy Catholick Church doth enjoyne me, and I proteſt that I will live and am willing to die in that faith. (Lord *Ieſus*) I doe heartily grieve that I have ſo grievouſly offended thy goodneſſe, and I am ſorry, that I can be no more ſorry for thoſe great and many offences which I have committed againſt thee

thee my Creatour and Redeemer. I do humbly pray thee, that thou wouldst by thy precious bloud-shedding pardon and forgive all my sins: and I doe purpose if thou shalt enlarge my life to abstaine from them all, and to settle my self in a new course of holinesse of life, and if I have forgotten any of my sins, or if I doe not know them all severally, I implore thy goodnesse to disclose them to me, that I may speedily and sincerely repent me of them all, and above all forgive, O Lord, forgive and forget them all.

I doe freely and willingly forgive all men that have offended me (O my God) all their offences for thy sake, and I entreat whomsoever I have injured to doe the like by mee. If I have by wrong detained any mans goods, so far as I am bound and according to my ability, I desire that they should be fully satisfied: I doe trust in thy eternall mercy, and in thy precious bloud abundantly shed for me, that although I be altogether un-

unworthy of my self, and no ways deserving thy gracious favour, that yet thou wouldst ransome me out of all mine enemies hands, and that thou wouldst lift up thy countenance upon me, and fill my soul with everlasting comforts. I doe heartly desire this of thee by thy bitter death and passion. Strengthen me (ô Lord *Iesus*) against all the snares of Satan, and defend mee with the shield of thy mercy, because all my hope & confidence is in thy great goodnesse onely. I can plead no merits or deserts that can bind thee, but I finde in my selfe too too much sinne and vilenesse: but thy mercy (ô God) is over all thy works, and so in hope to partake of it, I doe rest my self in hope: because thou art a God of hope to thee be all praise and honour ascribed from this time forth and for evermore. *Amen.*

The

The Epilogue, or conclusion of all being a Monition to the Reader.

THese prayers (my good Reader) made for the souls of men, I counsell thee if thou be wise in the time of thy health, with a little alteration to muse on for thine own good. There is not any thing of more efficacy in my judgement, to set us forward in a godly life, then to meditate of the frailty & miserablenes of our lives. That Prophetick speech of our Lord spoken to *Ierusalem*, may fitly be applyed to all dying men. The days will come that thine enemies shal cast a trench about thee, and keep thee in on every side, and lay thee levell with the ground, & shall not leave one stone upon another, All these things may be seen easily in a man dying For do not great anxieties environ him? Doe not solicitous cares weaken him? Do not griefs lay him low? Do not wicked spirits encompasse him?

him? Do not the terrours of sins past unrepented of cast him down? Do not future punishments astonish him? Do not all worldly things suddenly forsake him? And though the most expert Physicians compasse his bed, Can any afford help, but only that one Master Physician from Heaven? It is the decree laid upon all that are born to die, to spring up and soon decay, and that Great Disposer of all humane things knows nothing firme but himself, all things passe away in a Circle of rising, and falling. Some thing may be long-liv'd in this frame, but there is nothing eternall, or everlasting. I desire thee therefore (ô my Reader) for Christs sake, and thy own happines to think of eternity: our life is but a moment, alas! it is no more, and yet upon this moment depends either everlasting good, or everlasting evill. Our travel is short, all pleasures doe quickly fade, onely Eternity knows no period; therefore remember Eternity.

FINIS.